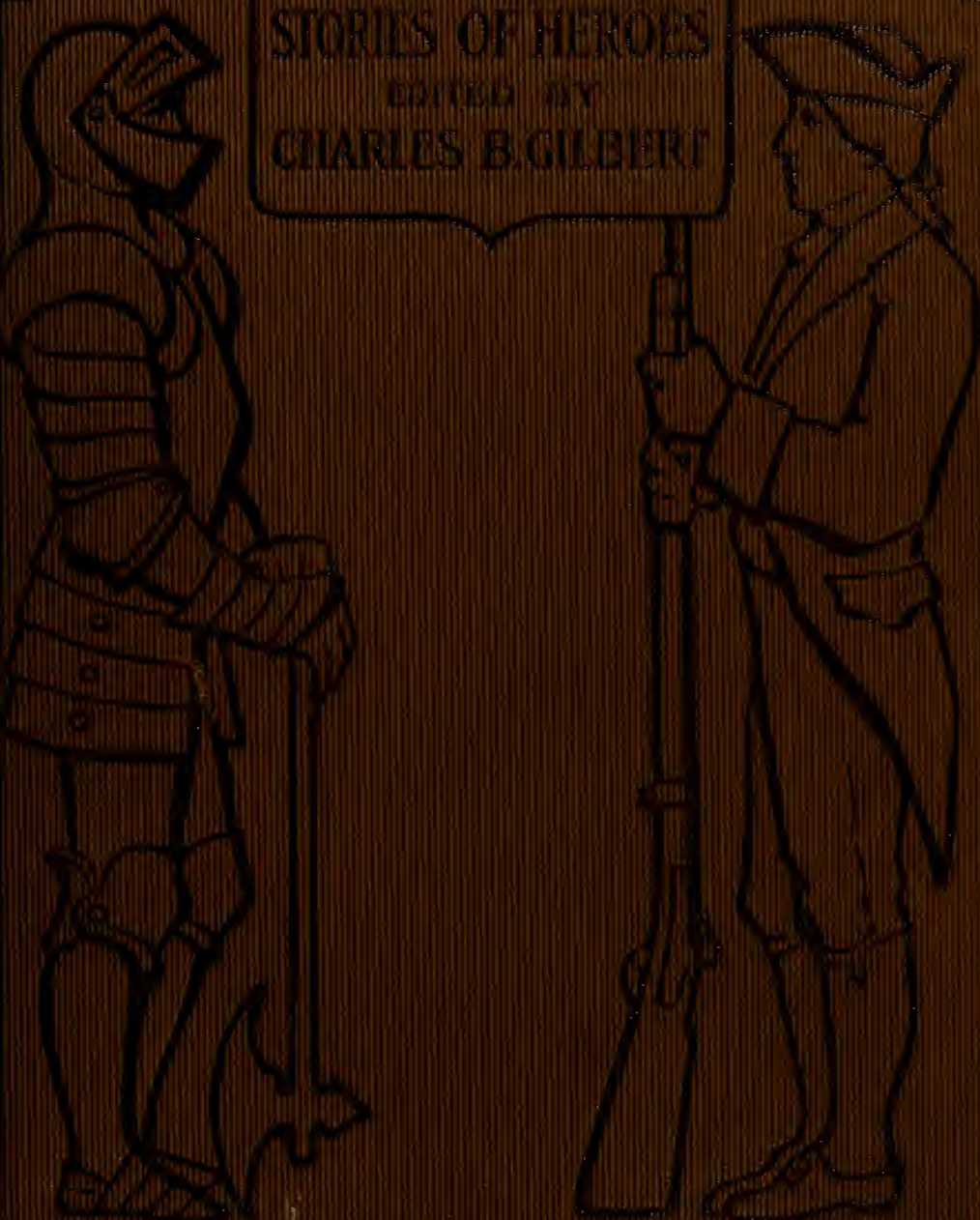
WANDERING HEROES

BY LILLIAN L. PRICE

STORIES OF HEROES
EDITED BY
CHARLES B. GILBERT



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CHARLES B. GILBERT

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

WANDERING HEROES

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EDITED BY CHARLES B. GILBERT,

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

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NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

From the painting by Schopin.

JACOB LEARNS OF THE LOSS OF JOSEPH.

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NORMAL AND TRAINING SCHOOL, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

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GENERAL PREFACE.

WHETHER, as Carlyle would have it, history consists properly in the biographies of conspicuous men; or, according to Freeman and his school, in the development of peoples; or in the evolution of ideas, as Hegel argues; is a question for philosophers. For children history is biography, and the biography of heroes. For them types must be individualized and apotheosized. History must be a series of pictures with heroes in the foreground.

To children chronology is without meaning. Whether an event occurred yesterday or a thousand years ago makes no difference. "Long, long ago" and "once upon a time" are quite as intelligible and more effective than "three thousand years ago" or "in the year 56 B.C."

Of vastly greater importance in the education of children than chronological sequence is psychological sequence. In the earlier years of a child's study of history, events should be presented to him in the order in which he is able to apperceive them, rather than in the order of occurrence. This order will depend upon social and psychological

similarities. For example, the prehistoric Greek is more nearly allied to the German of the early Roman Empire than the latter to his contemporary, the imperial Roman; and the modern Bedouin is much nearer to Abraham than to the modern Englishman.

This principle of psychological order has been followed in the present series of historical stories. Types representing similar stages of civilization are presented in conjunction, without regard to chronology. It is hoped that through these stories, thus grouped, children may be interested at the proper times of their own development in the various phases of the evolution of society and in history itself, and that the interest thus awakened may lead to a better study of history than is common in elementary schools.

The stories may be classified as follows: —

First, myths. These are the beginnings of history, and should be presented to the child when his imagination is vivid enough to absorb without a shock the marvels of mythology merely as stories, and when his appetite is keen for all marvels.

Second, stories of nomadic life. These represent a very early stage of history, which should be presented to children when the demand for "true stories" arises and when the "tramp in-

stinct" awakens. The stories tell of wanderers of various times and different types, who may be roughly classified as Pastoral Nomads, Religious Nomads, and Warlike Nomads. Their common characteristic is the absence of devotion to a fixed home, the readiness with which they moved from place to place in search of pasture or conquest, or to satisfy some personal craving. The differences are due mainly to race characteristics and geographic conditions.

Third, chivalry. The stories of this period, as well as the myths and tales of nomads, belong to the period of childhood in the development of civilized society. They may be said to represent the minority of society. The stories are drawn from two sources chiefly, the legends clustering about King Arthur and his Round Table and those relating to the followers of Charlemagne, especially as given in the "Chanson de Roland."

Fourth, conquest and empire. The establishment of great personal empires, through conquest followed by organization, by men of extraordinary power, indicates a vastly higher order of civilization than those typified by the nomad and the knight errant. It may be said to represent the young manhood of society. It precedes and prepares the way for that higher development manifested in democratic freedom.

Fifth, freedom. This stands for the highest stage of social evolution yet attained by man. It is the full manhood of society. Its heroes are actuated by nobler motives than those of any other social state. Altruism is here the ruling motive, growing out of the great value put upon individual liberty.

Other books will follow, containing tales of the heroes who in various ways have made life worth living in an organized and highly developed society.

C. B. GILBERT.

Rochester, N.Y.,
April 1, 1902.

INTRODUCTION.

A NOMAD is a "wanderer"; he does not live in one place, but wanders from one place to another, wherever he can find a living for a time or gain some other object which he desires. At one time or another the people of nearly every nation have lived in this way.

Some nomads kept flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and moved about, stopping wherever they could find water and pasture in plenty. Such a nomad was Abraham, who was ruler of his little company of followers and servants and was rich in flocks and herds.

Other nomads were warlike, and, led by a brave chief, moved from land to land in great numbers, conquering the people they came upon and taking possession of all their property. Sometimes these warlike nomads, after conquering a people who had fixed homes and cities and cultivated fields, themselves stopped their wanderings and settled down to dwell in the cities or to cultivate the fields.

This book tells of the deeds of nomads of different kinds. The stories are not mere fancies as are the mythical stories, but tell of real people who once lived on the earth.

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ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

I.

ABRAHAM was beloved of God, and God had blessed him with flocks and herds of such great number that it was hard always to find sweet fresh grass which they might eat, and wells of water for drinking. Abraham was therefore obliged to wander from place to place seeking pasturage.

He and his people lived in tents, and he ruled over all that lived with him, and was the father of his people. Now he was an old man, whose silver beard fell to his waist, and his wife Sarah was an old woman, yet God had blessed their old age with a son, a beautiful lad called Isaac. To Abraham, Isaac was as the core of his heart and the light of his eyes, and Isaac was a gentle, obedient boy.

The calm, beautiful twilight of Canaan was falling over the land one evening, as Isaac stood in the doorway of his father's tent. About him stood the tents of the household, their roofs of black camel's-hair cloth contrasting with the green of the grass

slopes, under the purple blue of the eastern sky. Beyond lay broad pastures, dotted with flocks and herds. The evening silence was broken by the lowing of cattle and the voices of the herdsmen talking to each other, as they walked to and fro over the little beaten paths to the wells, carrying their water-jars. The tent of Abraham was of fine black cloth stretched over three parallel rows of poles. Its sides were open to the air, and the cool evening wind blew under it, stirring the long curtains which hid the sleeping-places.

Supper was in preparation, and the handmaids of Sarah, sitting upon the floor, kneaded fine meal into cakes and dressed a kid. On one side of the tent stood a loom, where in the fading light Sarah yet sat, throwing the shuttle. Scattered about the floor stood the saddles of the camels, which served as chairs.

Isaac's face was strong and resolute, yet it had a gentle, tender expression. Thick, curling, black locks of hair shaded his forehead. Standing there in his robe of simple goat's-hair cloth, girdled with a crimson cord, he was a sight to gladden his father's eyes.

Presently, as Isaac stood watching for him in the tent door, Abraham appeared, walking slowly and leaning upon his staff. When his eyes rested upon Isaac a great sadness overspread his rugged

features. Abraham had been alone in a wild place talking to God, and God had said to him, "Take now thy son, thine only son whom thou lovest, even Isaac, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering, upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

Isaac ran and placed a seat for his father, and then brought the vessel of water that he might wash his feet. Abraham looked upon his strong young beauty and gentle, loving ways, in deepening silence and sadness.

Early the next morning Isaac was roused from his sleep by Abraham bending over him. The lad crept from his couch at his father's silent command and without a question followed him out of doors. The sun had not yet risen, and a lovely freshness lay over the fields. Quiet reigned throughout the tents, and the stirring cattle tinkled soft and drowsy bells. Isaac saw an ass saddled, and two men-servants standing apart. While he ran to a well for his morning bath, his father chopped billets of wood such as were used in the building of altars. These the servants loaded upon the ass. Isaac stood beneath the boughs of the tamarisk tree, which his father had planted beside the tent, and waited until everything was ready. The provisions were placed upon the backs of the servants, and the little train

set forth with the first beams of the rising sun, winding its way between the silent tents. Isaac followed his father with wondering eyes, for never before had he been taken on such a strange and silent journey. Usually he had ridden in the camel train with the women and children. Now Abraham strode before them all, leaning heavily upon his staff. A little behind him came Isaac, taking in the fresh and ever changing scenes with joyful eyes.

The men-servants brought up the rear with the patient little ass, bearing fagots. The whole train journeyed into the country toward the low and distant hills, lying purple blue in the shadows of the early morning.

So they traveled for three days, and at the end of the third day they came into the land of Moriah, to the mountain which God had shown to Abraham. When Abraham saw the mountain he broke his silence and ordered the servants to strike flints and kindle a fire. He brought the journey to a close and took the sticks from the ass. As the servant handed him the blazing torch Abraham said, "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder; and we will worship and come again to you." He took the wood for the burnt offering and laid it upon Isaac. He himself took the fire and the knife, and together they

went up a little foot-path leading to a rocky ledge. Isaac bore the heavy fagots without complaint, though they bent his slender shoulders, and at last he said, "My father?"

Abraham answered, "Here am I, my son." Then Isaac said, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?"

Abraham answered simply, "God will provide himself the lamb for a burnt offering, my son;" and they went up together. By and by they stopped at the base of a smooth ledge of rock, girdled about by a thicket of bushes. Here, Abraham bade Isaac put down the wood. The boy did so, glad to be rid of his burden; and sitting quietly upon the edge of the rock, he held the smoking torch while he gazed abroad over mountains and valley. Behind him, Abraham built an altar of the fagots of wood, and then called Isaac. The lad sprang to his feet at the sound of his father's voice, and stood before him. Abraham, lifting his eyes up to heaven, stretched out his hand, and laying it upon Isaac's shoulder, commanded him to lie down upon the altar. Isaac did not falter for a second, but with his eyes fastened upon his father, he laid himself upon the pile, and permitted himself to be bound there without resistance. Abraham stooped, picked up the knife, and again with eyes turned toward heaven directed the point of

its blade straight above Isaac's heart, ready to strike. Isaac's sad eyes still clung with loving glances to that father's face, never heeding the knife of the sacrifice, when suddenly Abraham paused and listened. Out of the cloudless blue of heaven rang a voice, crying, "Abraham, Abraham!"

Abraham answered, "Here am I!" Then the voice said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

Abraham dropped the knife as the voice ceased, and glancing toward the bushes, saw a ram there with its horns caught in the branches. He ran and seized the ram, and then with a thankful heart released Isaac from the altar. Upon it in his stead he bound the ram, which he sacrificed to God, and the smoke rose as a sweet incense to heaven.

Abraham and Isaac took the pathway down the mountain together, and again God spoke to Abraham, promising him a reward for his obedience. They came to the men-servants with the ass, waiting in the valley, and they all journeyed together to Beer-sheba.

When Isaac beheld his mother's tent and the flocks wandering upon the grass slopes, his heart

leapt for joy. At the door of the tent stood Sarah, watching with aching eyes down the little pathway, whence Abraham had departed with Isaac. She had said farewell to the lad as he lay asleep, and now looked only for the return of Abraham that she might comfort him. When she saw Isaac himself come leaping and bounding up the pathway to her, she sank upon her knees with outstretched arms, and clasping him to her bosom, praised God with heart and lips.

II.

Abraham grew to be very old. He went out no longer among the flocks and herds, but sat all day in the doorway of his tent where all his household came to him with respect and reverence. Isaac was now grown to manhood, and it was necessary that he should marry and have a home of his own, since Abraham could not hope to live many years longer.

Abraham had an old servant whom he trusted to do everything that he himself had once done, and one day as he sat in the door of the tent at eventide he called this servant to him. When they had talked over the affairs of the day, Abraham told the servant that he was going to send him to Mesopotamia to seek a wife for Isaac. The servant promised to do as Abraham bade him, and

immediately made the preparations for the journey. He took ten camels laden with rich gifts and set out for Mesopotamia.

After a long journey he came to the city of Nahor in that country. He arrived at the city about eventide and halted near the wells at the time when the women were wont to go down to draw water. The camels, tired with the day's journey, were glad to kneel. Then the servant prayed thus to God: "O Lord, the God of my master, send me I pray thee good speed this day, and shew kindness unto thy servant Abraham. Behold I stand by the fountains of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I say, 'Let down thy pitcher I pray thee, that I may drink,' and she shall say, 'Drink, and I will give thy camels to drink also'; let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac."

Even while the servant prayed, a tall, beautiful girl, slender of form and fair of face, came through the gate of the city bearing her water-jar upon her shoulder.

She passed by a well nearer to the city, where many of the maidens were gathered, letting down their jars and laughing and talking together, and came slowly by a winding path to the well where

the camels of Abraham knelt. There she stooped over the well and filled her pitcher. The servant went to meet her and said, "Give me to drink, I pray thee, a little water from thy pitcher." With a smile she let down her water-jar from her shoulder to her hands, and held it out to him, saying, "Drink, my lord." The servant took a long draught of the pure water, and the maiden, looking toward the thirsty camels, said, "I will draw for thy camels also, until they have done drinking."

Near by stood a drinking-trough for beasts, and running to the well the maiden refilled her pitcher and poured its contents into the trough, going to and fro many times, till all the camels had had a drink. The servant watched her while she did this, with growing joy in his heart. Taking from the saddle-bags of a camel a gold ring and two gold bracelets, he put them upon the maid and said, "Whose daughter art thou? Tell me, I pray thee. Is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?"

The maiden replied, "I am Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel, and the granddaughter of Nahor. We have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in."

The servant bowed his head and gave thanks to God, for he knew that Nahor was the brother of his master, Abraham.

Rebekah quickly refilled her water-jar, and bidding the servant wait there with his camels, she ran hastily to her mother's tent. Her mother was greatly surprised at her story, and as Bethuel had not come in from the flocks, she sent Rebekah to find her brother Laban. He was just returning from the fields, staff in hand, when Rebekah ran to him, showing him the rich ornaments and telling her story. He went at once to the well where the servant still waited with his camels. Laban greeted the servant with warm words of welcome, and together they entered the city gate and came to the tents of the household of Bethuel. The camels were led to a resting-place, the great saddles laden with rich gifts carried to the tents, and a vessel of water set before the servant that he might wash his feet.

Bethuel now came into the tent and heard all the servant's story from beginning to end, even to the point where he prayed Bethuel to let him take Rebekah back with him to be a wife to Isaac. Bethuel and Laban both gave their consent, and the servant again thanked the Lord God. Then he took the precious gifts that he had brought and laid them before Rebekah. After this they all sat down to supper.

The servant was anxious to get back to his own land, so in the morning he proposed that he and the

Rebekah at the Well.

maiden start at once. Rebekah's mother and her brother Laban, realizing how far from them she was going, asked the servant to delay the homeward journey for ten days. But as he insisted, they called in Rebekah, explained to her the servant's desire and said, "Wilt thou go with this man?"

She answered simply, "I will go."

Preparations for the departure were soon completed, and the entire family of Bethuel came together to bid Rebekah farewell. The camel train stood at the door. Upon one camel Rebekah was to ride, and beside her upon another, her nurse. With them also went a train of damsels, the handmaids of Rebekah.

Bethuel and her brothers blessed Rebekah as she stood beside her mother in the door of the tent. Then she mounted her camel, and the little train rode away from Nahor and set their faces toward Beer-sheba.

In Beer-sheba there were three great wells of water from which the flocks were watered. These had become so low that Isaac was compelled to take a part of the flocks to another place farther south, called Be-er-la-hai-roi, where there was a great well of water. Now Abraham's servant with his camel train found it necessary to follow the roads along which were good wells of water, and he came into Be-er-la-hai-roi one evening at

sunset while Isaac was there with his flocks. Having watered the camels at the well, the servant set forward toward Beer-sheba.

In the cool of the evening, after a hard day's work, Isaac was walking alone across the fields, wrapped in his own thoughts. Beyond, upon the deserted roadway, as he lifted his eyes, he saw a camel train approaching. Rebekah was very weary, and seeing, at a little distance, a village of tents, she halted her camel and dismounted, thinking they would rest there.

The servant, looking up, was surprised to see Isaac crossing toward him. He alighted and ran to Rebekah. She was standing with her maidens, looking at Isaac. As the servant approached she said, "What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us?"

The servant answered, "It is my master."

Rebekah immediately asked for her veil, and covered her face. The servant, hastening to Isaac, told him all that he had done.

Isaac came up to Rebekah. Without removing her veil, he led her to the foremost camel of the train, and lifting her to the saddle, himself led the camel up to Beer-sheba, to his mother's tent.

Then within the tent, before Abraham, Isaac lifted the veil from Rebekah's face, and he loved Rebekah, and she loved him. Abraham, knowing

ISAAC AND REBEKAH BEFORE ABRAHAM.

From the painting by Schopin.

that Rebekah was the daughter of his brother Nahor, was filled with peace, and lifting up his voice he blessed both Rebekah and Isaac.

Because of Abraham's obedience, God blessed him and made him the father of a great nation. Jacob, the son of Isaac and Rebekah, was the father of Joseph, the mighty ruler of Egypt; and when the tribes of the children of Abraham had become a great people, out of their midst arose Moses, the great lawgiver and the founder of a nation — the Hebrews.

JOSEPH.

I.

IN the valley of Hebron was the dwelling place of Jacob. The broad fields were fertile, yielding grass and grain, so there he pitched his tents and abode with his household and sons. Jacob had had two wives, Rachel and Leah, and he had twelve sons, who dwelt in the vale of Hebron with him; and they, too, married and had tents and households of their own, but they tended their father's flocks.

Two of these twelve sons of Jacob were not old enough to marry, but lived in the tent of their father. They were the two sons of his wife Rachel, who was dead, and their names were Joseph and Benjamin. Joseph, the elder, was seventeen years old, and a lad of great beauty and sweetness of spirit. Benjamin was a little lad, not yet come to years. Jacob loved Benjamin and Joseph exceedingly, but upon Joseph his heart was set. He did not send him into the fields to tend sheep as he did his elder sons who were men grown, but kept him always by his side, and dressed him

in a coat made of scarlet and blue, the seams set with gold thread, and the coat itself trimmed with embroideries of rich colors and silver. Such a garment as young princes wear, wore Joseph in the tent of his father, while his brothers, in plain garments, tended the flocks in the fields. Jacob was a very old man, and his sons dared say nothing to him against Joseph, but in their hearts they hated their brother.

One day at eventide, as Jacob sat in his tent door, waiting for his sons to come up from the fields and say good night to him, after the flocks had been watered and sheltered for the night, he kept each of them till the ten were there. Then he called Joseph, saying, "The lad hath had a strange dream, which ye shall hear."

Joseph stood before his brethren and told his dream to them. He said, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed. For behold we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose and also stood upright; and behold your sheaves stood round about and did obeisance to my sheaf."

Joseph thought little of the dream, save that it was a strange one, and interesting to Jacob; but his brothers, as they went their ways through the tent-paths, said to each other, "Doth Joseph then think to reign over us? Shall he indeed have

dominion over us?" And they hated him the more for his dream.

A few nights later Joseph again dreamed a dream. Sitting beside a well of water where the flocks came to drink at sunset, he told his brothers what he had dreamed. "Behold," he said, "I have dreamed a dream more; and behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me." Then his brothers, with anger kindling in their eyes, brought him before Jacob, saying, "Hear ye yet this other dream that the lad hath dreamed." Jacob, when he heard it, said, "What, shall I and thy mother and thy brethren, indeed, come to bow ourselves before thee unto the earth?" But Jacob wondered much what the dream might mean.

Now in Hebron the sun dried up the grass, and the wells of water were so low that Jacob sent away his sons with many of his flocks and herds, over into Shechem which was well watered. But he and all his household remained in Hebron. After many days, no messenger having come from Shechem, to say how his sons and the flocks were faring there, Jacob grew anxious and said to Joseph, "Do not thy brethren feed the flocks in Shechem? Come, I will send thee unto them." Joseph knew well that his brothers would not be glad to see him, yet he answered simply, "Here am I." Jacob said, "Go to Shechem and see whether

it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks."

When Joseph came to Shechem, he found that land, too, so dry that his brothers had been compelled to drive the flocks farther on, to a land called Dothan. Here in Dothan, as the evening was falling, he came upon his father's flocks and his brothers' tents. His brothers, sitting before their tent doors, saw Joseph coming, before he saw them, because across the level plain the sun shone upon the brilliant colors of his coat. When they saw him coming to them thus alone, and far from all help, their hatred rose up bitter and heavy, and they longed to kill him.

"Behold," they said, "this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him and cast him into some pit, and we will say, 'Some evil beast hath devoured him'; and we shall see what will become of his dreams!"

Reuben was the oldest son of Jacob and at the head of the councils of the brethren. He, coming in from the fields, found them plotting to murder the little innocent lad who was springing joyfully across the fields to meet them. He said, "Let us not kill him." Then as their faces darkened only more at his words in Joseph's behalf, he saw that he alone could not save him.

Now the fields of Dothan, where they were pas-

turing their cattle, were rough and wild, and near the tent was a deep pit which had been digged for a well, but no water was found. Reuben, casting his eyes about him, saw this pit. Approaching his brothers, he put his hands upon their shoulders, and persuaded them, saying, "Shed no blood, my brothers. Put Joseph into this pit, but lay no hand upon him." In his heart Reuben purposed to draw him out during the night, and send him back secretly to his father. The others feared to disobey Reuben's counsels because he was the eldest brother, therefore they decided not to kill Joseph. But when the lad came into the tents, they cried out fiercely at him, and laying rough hands upon him, tore off the coat of many colors, and catching him up, flung him, naked and helpless, into the cold damp pit. Joseph, knowing how he was hated among his brothers, suffered all this without a word.

When it was time for supper Reuben was not willing to sit with his brothers, so he went to his own tent to break bread and have all things in readiness to send Joseph in the darkness back to their father. The other brothers sat at bread together near the pit, and as they ate, a train of camels came into sight out of the land of Midian, bearing Ishmaelites who were carrying spices and balm and myrrh, to sell them in the land of Egypt.

From a painting by Raphael.

JOSEPH SOLD TO THE MERCHANTS.

Then spoke Judah, one of the brothers. He was a cold man, selfish of heart, so he said, "What shall it profit us if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come, let us sell him to these merchantmen. He is our brother and our flesh, therefore our hand should not be upon him."

This way of saving themselves from the crime of murder, and yet getting rid of Joseph, pleased all the brothers. They drew him up out of the pit, and flung clothes upon him. Then while he cried and besought them for his father's sake not to sell him into slavery, far from his own land and kindred, while clinging to their hands, and kneeling at their feet, they bargained with the merchants for twenty pieces of silver, and Joseph was bound, and flung upon the back of a camel.

When the silence of night had fallen over the tents, Reuben stole softly to the pit, bearing clothes and food for Joseph, that he might send him back to his father. Bending over the pit, he called softly, but no voice answered him. At last when Reuben was sure that the pit was empty, he rent his clothes and ran mourning to his brothers' tents, crying, "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?" For he, and now all his guilty brothers with him, feared what Jacob would say when he required his son at their hands. They told Reuben nothing of the Midianites, but one of them quietly

ran and killed a kid, and dipped Joseph's beautiful coat in its blood. Then another hurried across the fields, as if to search for his brother, and after many hours returned, but he had only the stained and bloody coat to show to Reuben. Reuben sorrowfully took it, to lay it in all its tatters and rags at the feet of Jacob, on the day of their return.

When at length they reached home, Jacob sat joyfully awaiting them, in the door of his tent. Reuben, to spare his brothers from the wrath of their father, stood silent while Jacob told them how he had sent Joseph to them, and then laying the coat at Jacob's feet said, "This have we found. Know now whether it be thy son's coat or no."

Jacob lifted it with trembling hands. "It is my son's coat," he cried; "an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." He rose and rent his garments, and sitting in sackcloth and ashes, mourned for Joseph many days. All his sons and daughters tried to console him, but he refused to be comforted. He said, "I will go down unto the grave to my son, mourning." And then Benjamin, Joseph's only brother, crept near to the heart of Jacob, and was the light and comfort of his old age.

. . . . .

II.

It was early morning in Thebes, the great city of the pharaohs of Egypt. In the market-place all was bustle and stir. Merchants placed their goods for sale, and in the great palace of Potiphar, captain of the guard of Pharaoh, word was brought that certain Ishmaelites from the land of Midian had arrived, bearing rare spices, balm, and myrrh. Potiphar thereupon hastened into the market-place, and, being led to a spot where a little group of camels knelt apart, he came upon the merchantmen, who called a tall, sad-faced lad to show to Potiphar the merchandise. Potiphar, as he bargained, noted the great beauty of the lad, and the sweetness of his face. "Who is this bearer of thy burdens?" he asked of the Ishmaelites, and they told him that Joseph was a slave, bought by them in Dothan for twenty pieces of silver. "I will take him," said Potiphar, "for thirty pieces."

Joseph was now taken into Potiphar's household and clothed, after the Egyptian fashion, with great richness. To his eyes, accustomed only to tents and fields and wandering flocks, the magnificence of Thebes was terrifying. But little by little he became used to it. Potiphar put him in a position of trust, and he learned the ways, even

of Pharaoh's palace, being sent there so often by Potiphar.

Potiphar loved Joseph very much, and taught him much of the wisdom of Egypt. So one day when he came in and an evil story was told him of Joseph, he could not bear to believe it. But at last he was persuaded to believe it. Yet he would not throw him into the common prison, but had him put into the place, attached to his own palace, where Pharaoh's prisoners were kept. When the keeper of the prison heard the story, he would not believe Joseph guilty, but gave him control of all the prisoners in his own ward, and allowed him to go about the prison as he wished.

Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, gave a great feast; and because certain wines were spilled by the cup-bearers, and certain cakes made many of his guests ill, he was angry, and sent word to Potiphar, his captain of the guard, to throw both the chief butler and the chief baker into prison. They were put into Joseph's ward, and Joseph, coming in to them one morning, and finding them very sad, discovered that both had been troubled with strange dreams. Joseph pitied their sadness, and when he knew from what it arose he asked them to tell him their dreams, and he interpreted them. The butler, he said, would be placed again in Pharaoh's palace, but the baker would be hanged. And so it

proved. Joseph asked the butler to remember him, and to ask Pharaoh to pardon him ; but the butler, having gotten out of prison, forgot all about Joseph, until a time came when it was worth his while to remember him.

Two years later Pharaoh awoke one morning very ill at ease. He had had a dream which was troubling him greatly, and every soothsayer and magician was hurried into his presence to interpret this dream. But none of them could find its meaning. The chief butler heard of Pharaoh's distress, and coming in before the king, he told him of the Hebrew prisoner who had interpreted his dream and that of the chief baker, and that they had both been served according to the interpretation. Pharaoh sent at once for Joseph. When Joseph heard that Pharaoh wanted him, he shaved himself, and putting on proper robes, hastened before him.

The king sat upon his golden throne, downcast and sad, and when he saw Joseph bowing before him, he said, "I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it; and I have heard of thee, that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it."

Joseph replied, "It is not in me; God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace."

So Pharaoh told his dream. "Behold," he said,

"I stood upon the bank of a river. And behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well favored; and they fed in a meadow. And behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favored, and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness. And the lean and ill-favored kine did eat up the seven fat kine. And when they had eaten them, it could not be known that they had eaten them, for they were still ill-favored as at the beginning.

"And behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good. And behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, came up after them. And the thin ears devoured the seven good ears. And I told this unto the magicians, but none could interpret it for me."

Joseph said: "What God is about to do, He hath showed Pharaoh. The seven good kine are seven years, and the seven good ears are seven years. And the seven ill-favored kine are seven years, and the seven empty ears are seven years of famine. There shall come seven years of plenty throughout the land of Egypt. Then there shall arise after them seven years of famine, and the seven years of plenty shall be forgotten. The famine shall consume the land. And the plenty shall not be known in the land by reason of the

From a painting by Raphael.

JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM.

famine following; for it shall be very grievous. God will shortly bring thy dream to pass."

Pharaoh believed Joseph's interpretation of his dream. Then Joseph told him to appoint some one who should have full power to gather and store away one-fifth of all the crops during the seven years of plenty, so that the Egyptians should not perish with hunger during the seven years of famine. Pharaoh was so greatly pleased with Joseph, as he stood before him, and with the wisdom of his words, that he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt. The king took the ring from his own hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, arrayed him in fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck. He made him ride in a chariot second only to his own for beauty, and gave him a beautiful palace to live in, and an Egyptian princess for a wife; and all who stood before Joseph, first bowed the knee to him, so great had he become.

Joseph was now thirty years of age, of fine face and figure, speaking the language of Egypt, and living in all ways the life of an Egyptian prince. The tent of his father, the wandering herds of cattle, his envious brothers, and his own strange dreams often came back to his memory, as, during the seven years of plenty, he stored great supplies of grain. But though his heart yearned for his

own kin, he faithfully performed his duty to Pharaoh. At last the seven years of plenty passed, and the famine with all its sorrow broke over the land.

The people who lived in the countries about Egypt, hearing there was corn there, sent to buy it.

Jacob, in the vale of Hebron, looked out of his tent door upon his blasted fields and starving cattle. Then his eyes turned upon the thin, pale faces in the tents about him, and he said slowly, "Why do ye look one upon the other? There is corn in Egypt." He called his sons to him, and sent ten of them to buy corn. But Benjamin, Joseph's own brother, he would not let go. "For," he said, "remember Joseph's coat. Some mischief might befall him." The ten brothers of Joseph came up to Thebes, and joined the throngs in the streets who were pressing up toward the granaries to buy food. Joseph received all those who came to buy corn, in his great palace hall, which stood before the granaries; and presently, among all the people, he saw his brothers approaching him. They soon came to him and bowed their faces to the earth. Joseph, standing there, governor of Egypt, remembered his dream. Then he hid his real feelings and said in a rough voice, "Whence came ye?" They answered, "From the land of Canaan, to buy food."

"Ye are spies," said Joseph; "to see the nakedness of the land ye are come." But they said, "Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come." For not one of them knew, in the stern, powerful face before whose look they trembled, the features of their little brother Joseph. "We are all one man's sons; we are true men; thy servants are no spies."

Joseph, looking from face to face, repeated slowly, "To spy out the nakedness of the land, ye are come." They said, "Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan. And behold the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not."

Now Joseph understood well that they thought him to be dead; but when they told him of his little brother Benjamin, he longed to see him. Yet in a rougher tone than ever he said, "That ye are not spies must be proven. By the life of Pharaoh, ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison that your words may be proven, whether there be any truth in you; or else, by the life of Pharaoh, ye are surely spies."

Then he cast them all into prison for three days. Going to them he said, "If ye are true men, let one of your brothers be bound here in prison; go

ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, but bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be made true, and ye shall not die."

Joseph had not spoken to them in their own tongue, but through an interpreter, who, understanding both Egyptian and Hebrew, spoke Joseph's words to the brothers, and theirs to him. Now as he stood by, they began to speak to each other in their own Hebrew tongue, which Joseph understood well, though he gave no sign. They looked at each other with sorrowful faces and said, "We are guilty of the death of our brother Joseph, and his blood is come upon us. For we saw the sorrow of his soul when he besought us not to sell him, yet we would not hear. Therefore is this distress come upon us." Reuben answered, "Spake I not unto you saying, 'Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? Therefore behold also his own brother, Benjamin, must be lost to our father.'"

Joseph, after listening to these words, turned aside and wept. Then he took Simeon and bound him and kept him in prison. But the others he released. He commanded that their sacks be filled with corn, but that each man's money be restored to his sack. When, upon their homeward way, one of them opened his sack and found his money in it, he told the others, and they were all

smitten with fear. They came at last to Jacob, and told him what had happened to them in Egypt, before the great governor.

When the sacks of corn were opened, every man found his money in his sack, and they and their father were sore afraid. Jacob cried out to his sons: "Ye have robbed me of my children! Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and now ye will take Benjamin away!" Then Reuben spoke to his father, "Slay my two sons if I bring him not to thee again. Deliver him into my hands, my father, and I will bring him unto thee again."

But Jacob said, "My son shall not go down with you! His brother is dead, and he is left alone! If mischief should befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

After a time, however, the corn they had bought was all eaten, and hunger began to press them sorely. Then Jacob said, "Go again, buy us a little food!" Judah said, "The governor of Egypt did solemnly protest, 'Ye shall not see my face again except your brother be with you.' Send the lad with me, and if I bring him not unto thee and set him before thee, let me bear the blame forever."

Jacob replied, "If it must be so now, do this; take of the best fruits in the land and carry down

the man a present, a little balm and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds. And take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; perhaps it was an oversight. Take also your brother, and arise and go unto the man. And God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother and Benjamin. If I lose my children, what have I?"

The brethren did as Jacob said, and at last stood before Joseph with Benjamin. When Joseph saw Benjamin, he said to the steward of his house, "Prepare a dinner for these men with me to-day." The steward brought his brothers into Joseph's own house. They were now very greatly frightened, and when they came to the door of the palace, they explained to the steward about the money they had found in their sacks. He said, "Peace be to you; fear not; your God, and the God of your father hath given you treasure in your sacks. I had your money."

And he brought Simeon out to them. Then they were led into Joseph's house, and the steward treated them kindly. But they, in fear and trembling, got their father's present ready for Joseph, when he should come in at noon. When he came, they laid the present before him and bowed them-

selves to the earth. Joseph asked them, "Is your father well? The old man of whom you spake, is he yet alive?"

They answered that he was, and bowed their heads to do Joseph obeisance. Joseph then looking at Benjamin, his mother's son, asked, "Is this your younger brother of whom ye spake to me? God be gracious to thee, my son!" Joseph could bear no more, but withdrawing himself from his brothers, he went to his own chamber and there wept alone. Afterward he entertained them amidst his own household with a fine dinner.

He commanded his steward to fill every man's sack abundantly, replace his money, and into Benjamin's sack to put his own silver cup.

As soon as it was morning light they were all sent away. They had gone but a little distance, when Joseph sent his servant to overtake them and accuse them of stealing his silver cup. This they indignantly denied, saying that if the cup were found in any man's sack, he would become a bondman to Egypt. Search was made and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. At this they rent their clothes and hurried back before Joseph, and Judah pleaded humbly before him that he make not a bondman of Benjamin. "For," said he, "my father said unto us, 'Ye know that my wife, Rachel, bore me two sons; and the one went from me and was torn

to pieces, and I saw him never again. And if ye take Benjamin from me, ye shall bring my gray hairs with sorrow unto the grave.' Now, therefore, when I come to my father and the lad is not with us, seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life, I shall bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Behold, I am surety for the lad! Let thy servant abide a bondman instead of the lad, and let the lad go up to his father. I cannot go to my father if the lad be not with me, nor witness the suffering of my father."

Joseph's heart could bear no longer all his yearning toward his brothers. He caused the room to be cleared of all others. Then he bowed himself and wept, and said, "I am Joseph." But his brothers were troubled to see in this haughty ruler, now broken with weeping, the little shepherd lad they had sold to the Ishmaelites, and their sin rose up before them. But Joseph said, "Come near me, I pray you! I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither. For God did send me before you to preserve life. Haste ye, go up to my father and say unto him, 'Thus saith thy son Joseph. God hath made me lord of all Egypt. Come down to dwell in the land of Goshen.'" Then he kissed his brother Benjamin, and Benjamin kissed him.

When the brethren came to Canaan and told Jacob that Joseph was yet alive, and governor of all the land of Egypt, Jacob could not believe it. Nor would he believe it until he saw all the wagons Joseph sent to fetch him and his household into Egypt, and then he said, "It is enough. Joseph, my son, is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

So Jacob came into Egypt, into the land of Goshen, and there Joseph maintained him in great honor all his days. Jacob was led before Pharaoh and blessed him; and when he lay upon his death-bed, he blessed the two sons of Joseph, Ephraim and Manasseh. Jacob would not be buried in Egypt, but in the land of Canaan.

Joseph lived to be very old, and until the day of his death kept his power in Egypt. He dealt kindly with his brothers, and they continued to dwell in Goshen. When Joseph died, he was buried in the land of Egypt.

MOSES.

I.

THE labor in the fields was over for the day, and the tired Hebrew people were passing from the stubble-fields on the far outskirts of Thebes, where they worked, to the low, rough cottages of mud near the river. It was but a few minutes after sunset, and yet the soft blue darkness of Egypt lay over the land, and the Nile rippled in cool plashes, after the heat of the day.

Down near the river's brink, among the tall bulrushes, a woman and a little girl knelt together, working busily. The child's thick black curls fell down over her brown bare shoulders, and her hands rapidly plaited the bulrushes together. The mother was shaping a little frame of withes.

"I saw the pharaoh to-day," said the little Miriam, as she bent to pull a fresh rush. "He looked like a god, riding in his chariot down the streets of Oph."

"The pharaoh is a man, as other men are," said Jochebed, the mother, reprovingly. "The true God, Jehovah, hath no image. This pharaoh

destroys us with his hardness of heart. Are we locusts eating up his land, that he thus decrees the death of our men-children? Nay, rather our labor in the fields making brick, piles up his gold, and yet he would kill us."

A crocodile bellowed up the river. Miriam shuddered. "Oh, mother," she whispered, as she smoothed the plait of rushes, "I fear to have my brother float out upon the water. The great caymen may devour him."

"Or the sword of the Egyptian smite him upon the land," replied Jochebed, bitterly, and she rapidly bound the plait of rushes to the withes, and covered the little ark with a slimy pitch, to make it water-tight. "The child is three moons old, and Rachel can hide him no longer. Every day my heart is pierced by the arrows of fear, lest he be made way with. Every day my hands refuse their work because I long for the child. Nay, we will have the end. Some good Egyptian woman may find the babe, floating at the watergate of her garden, and in her pity save him. To-morrow, when the hour comes for the bath of these Egyptian women in the Nile flood, you shall set the ark afloat, Miriam. I must then be at my work in the fields. May the great Jehovah guide it," sighed the poor mother.

At last the ark was finished, and hiding it care-

fully, the child clasped the mother's hand, and they slipped timidly in and out among the huts, until they reached their own.

In the morning early, with the first sunbeams, the Hebrews went forth to their labors. Jochebed followed Amram her husband, but Miriam did not go. She waited till silence reigned over the home-quarter, and then, lifting her sleeping brother, she fled to the water-side.

It was a beautiful, sunny day. The Nile mirrored the splendid blue of the sky in its waters, the grasses whispered, and Miriam, with the baby held tight in her arms, looked wistfully toward Thebes. Far down the river she saw the pharaoh's palace, and she wondered, as she stood there, who would save her brother. Raising the sheltering linen from his baby face, she tenderly kissed his rosy lips and silken curls.

"Why should the pharaoh kill such an one as thou?" she murmured rebelliously. "He hath no fairer in all his palace!"

Then she drew forth the ark and laid the baby in it; and, lest the sun should make him suffer, arranged above his head the curtains of fine blue linen. When all was ready, Miriam set the ark afloat upon the water. At first she did not push it off, but, clinging to it with one hand, looked anxiously up and down the river.

From the painting by Delaroche.

MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

There were few boats in that quarter, up among the brick-fields of the Hebrews, but still Miriam lingered. It was hard to let the little brother float out upon that wide blue water. At length the current caught the ark, and swung it slowly about, when suddenly it slipped from Miriam's fingers and started down in the direction of Thebes. She watched it go, the helpless sleeping baby lying within it, and her heart cried out. "I cannot let him go alone," she sobbed, running along the bank; "I must follow him."

In the garden of the palace of the pharaoh at Thebes, there was much laughing and chattering. The princess, with her maidens, was going down to the Nile to bathe. The pharaoh's daughter was tall and fair to behold. Her thick hair was braided into many fine soft braids falling straight to both shoulders, and she wore a robe of finest linen. Behind her an Ethiopian slave, black as ebony, carried an enormous fan of snowy ostrich-feathers, which, casting its shadow upon her, kept the sun from burning her. Her dancing girls and maidens, and a troop of slaves went with her, and they were all merry together. The gates that opened from the garden to the river were flung wide, and the princess walked down to an opening between the bulrushes. The clear water rippled in toward her dainty feet; she stood watch-

ing the sunlight on the wavelets, when suddenly her eye rested upon a strange-looking little ark, caught out among the bulrushes, and rising and falling as gently as if the Nile were rocking a cradle. She clapped her hands. "Satou," she cried eagerly, "Satou, bring hither that strange basket to me. What thing can it hide?"

Satou, her little golden-haired slave-girl, waded out into the water, and drew the ark to shore. They all knelt round it, a curious crowd, while the princess drew aside the curtains. The bright light wakened the sleeping baby, and stretching up his tiny dimpled arms, he began to cry. The princess drew back and looked down at him disdainfully. "The child of a Hebrew!" she said, and the smile faded from her face. The baby was rosy and beautiful, fresh from his sleep, and presently as she looked at him, his wailing ceased. He lifted his soft black eyes to her, the little arms stretched pleadingly, and a lovely smile overspread his face. The princess stooped and lifted him, and the helpless baby arms linked themselves around her neck.

Holding him thus, she turned to her handmaidens. "He shall not die. I have said it," she announced haughtily, half ashamed of her own weakness. "He is more beautiful than the lotus. Behold, I make him my own. As my son, he shall

dwell in the palace. But who will rear the child?"

No willing hand reached for the baby. The Egyptian maidens stood coldly by, and one said, "Yonder in the reeds lurks an Hebrew maiden. Ask her." Miriam hurried forward, and falling at the princess's feet, cried, "I know a woman of our people who would be glad to nurse him."

"Go," said the princess, thoughtfully, "fetch her to me."

Miriam, singing psalms of thanksgiving in her heart, rushed to the brick-fields, and there sought her mother.

Jochebed with beating heart hurried to the garden and found the baby lying in his foster mother's lap. Trembling greatly, she threw herself upon her face before the princess. The Pharaoh's daughter felt her heart stir with pity. She guessed whose the child might be, and knew but one way to save him.

"Take him to thy hut," she said, "and nurse him for me. Bring me news of him once in a moon. I will pay thee wage, and when he is grown, he shall be mine."

Jochebed was glad enough to accept any condition which would lay her baby again within her arms.

"Whenever thou demandest, I will yield him,"

she said humbly, and then they left the garden and hastened to the low mud hut near the brick-fields, by the Nile.

There Moses grew, reared with his brothers and Miriam. He grew tall, and straight as an arrow, with thick black curls, and a cheek as delicately tinted as the rose flush on a pomegranate.

When he was fourteen years old the princess said to Jochebed, "Bring the lad to me. I will behold if he be fair enough to be my son. He shall be my son Moses, for I drew him out of the water."

There was wailing and lamentation in the hut of Amram when Jochebed put upon her son the Egyptian garments which the princess sent to him, while her chariot stood waiting for him at the door.

"Do not forget us," wailed the mother, "nor the blood of thy race. Lo, thou goest to an heathen palace, while thy people are slaves in the pharaoh's fields. Forget not Jehovah when they teach thee of their idols; and let not her who will call thee son, rend thee from the heart of thy mother."

The simple, beautiful Hebrew lad stepped into the chariot, and was taken before the princess. She was sitting upon a throne of beaten gold, with maidens near her, playing soft and lulling music

upon harps, which they rested upon one knee. A cool fountain dripped murmuringly. In vases of priceless value, flowers breathed their odors upon the air.

Moses, fresh from the lowly life of the slave's hut, stood unawed in the midst of this lofty splendor. The princess looked down on his boyish beauty, and her dark eyes glowed. "His face is fairer than the fairest of the Egyptians," she cried softly, "and he is mine."

So Moses lived in the palace of the pharaoh, and learned all the art and all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and wore fine linen every day. He grew very strong and powerful of arm, and could ride in a chariot, guiding six horses, with the reins girded about his waist. Sometimes he saw the great pharaoh face to face, and his heart swelled within him as he thought of the wrongs of his people. For he never forgot the brick-fields, nor the lowly hut of his mother. Jehovah, his God, was always in his heart, and his lips curled in proud scorn when he heard of Isis and Osiris, and the other gods whom the Egyptians worshiped.

Manhood came upon him, and found him grave and stately. He was sad, but strong of face, and one day he went to the princess and said, "Behold, I have never returned to the brick-fields nor sought out the hut of my parents. That was thy

desire, and the fullest obedience hath been given thee. Now I am a man. Take back, I pray thee, thy command. I would look upon the faces of my own kindred."

The princess thought, "Surely he will not leave the walls of the pharaoh's palace to cast his lot with a horde of Hebrew slaves, toiling under the lash of their taskmasters." So she replied, "Go. Henceforth thou mayst go wherever thou wilt."

Moses left the great palace of Oph and crossed the river into Thebes. Taking a chariot, he drove far out, and came at length to the waste places where the Hebrews built their mud huts. Searching out his father's, he found it gone, for Amram had moved to another place. The sun of midday burned fiercely upon him as he walked with great strides out into the brick-fields, and there he saw his kindred bending beneath their burdens, while the taskmasters of the pharaoh laid heavy scourges upon their bleeding shoulders.

While Moses stood watching, a young lad of his own age passed him, bearing upon his shoulders a yoke so overladen with bricks that his slender body bent almost double as he strove to carry it. The sunshine beat pitilessly upon him, and Moses watched him with sorrowful eyes. Presently he stumbled, and the Egyptian taskmaster walking behind him struck his naked shoulders with a

reed which inflicted a stinging blow, and a long red weal lay over the boy's back.

With a furious stride Moses reached the task-master, and putting forth all his strength, struck him a terrible blow. The man dropped dead upon the sand, while the Jewish lad, seeing a tall, noble-looking Egyptian strike one of his own people, slipped his yoke and fled in terror. Moses, covering the dead man with sand, went back to the palace.

He flung himself down beside a fountain, and in bitterness of heart thought over all the sufferings of his people. Next day he went again to the brick-fields. He wandered about, observing the labor and looking for his brethren, and presently saw two Jewish lads who were bearing jars of Nile mud upon their shoulders, quarreling fiercely. One struck the other.

"Alas," thought the tall, sad-looking youth wearing the linen of the king, yet with a face like these toilers, "is not their lot hard enough but that they quarrel with one another?" and stretching out his hand he said, "Why smitest thou thy fellow?"

Both quarrelers turned fiercely upon him. They eyed with disfavor his princely dress. The lad who was to blame spoke up angrily and said, "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us?

Thinkest thou to kill me as thou didst kill the Egyptian?"

Then Moses said no more, but hastened home. He had scarcely entered the palace ere a servant met him, with a summons from the princess.

She looked sorrowfully upon him, for she loved him well, and said, "So, thou hast been to the brick-fields and there killed a taskmaster? Is blood then so much stronger with thee than love? See now, thou hast brought shame upon me. The pharaoh has heard of this deed of thine, and swears to slay thee ere sunset. Thou must flee far from me, and mine eyes shall never again behold thee." And she wept sorely. Moses wept also, and clung to her; but she sent him away, and he fled through the streets of Thebes and of Oph, and far out into the land of Midian.

II.

Moses settled down and dwelt in the peaceful land of Midian, and there he married a wife, Zipporah, and with his father-in-law Jethro tended their flocks. He rarely spoke of Egypt or his brethren, but grew to be a silent man of few and simple words. In height he was tall and commanding, and his beard flowed down to his waist, for many years had passed over his head.

One day he led his flock far away from the

others, across a desert place to the slope of Mount Horeb, where the herbage was rich and green. He sat down at midday in the shadow of a bush, and the flocks wandered from him, grazing quietly. Presently, as his eyes rested upon the bush, it began to burn with clear golden flames, the fire licking the branches noiselessly, while the bush standing, as it were, veiled in it, was not consumed.

Then while Moses watched, with frightened eyes, the voice of God spoke to him out of the burning bush and told him to go back to Egypt, where his people were in bondage, and rescue them, and lead them to the land of Canaan which God would give them to be their own.

Now Moses, living so long away from his people, and being a man of slow tongue, feared they would not listen to him, and God reproved him. First He told him to cast his shepherd's rod upon the ground, and when he did so, it became a serpent of so horrid a form that Moses fled from it. Then God told him to take it by the tail, and it became once more a rod. By this and other signs God showed him what power he might gain through obedience. Then God said: "Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well." So God promised Moses that Aaron, his brother, should come out from Egypt to meet him, and He himself would guide the thoughts of Moses, who

should teach Aaron what to say, and God would put words of eloquence into Aaron's mouth to stir up the people.

Moses took his family and went into Egypt, and as God had promised, Aaron came out to meet him. The two brothers, thus brought together again, embraced each other and journeyed along till once more Moses beheld the shining blue Nile, and the sunlight pouring down over Thebes.

The pharaoh of Moses' boyhood was dead, and his foster mother also. The pharaoh who now reigned in Egypt was haughty and hard of heart. Moses and Aaron went together to the elders of Israel, and stirred them up mightily with the promise of God, that they should be led far away to a land of their own. The slavish sullenness dropped from their lives. The breath of the free wandering life of their great father Jacob came again to them. They left their brick-making and once more built altars of thanksgiving and sacrifice to God.

Moses and Aaron went before the pharaoh. Moses walked through the familiar corridors of the palace his boyhood had known, breathing the scent of the lotus, passing the figures of the strange gods. But his heart and soul were with his own people. So he stood up fearlessly before the pharaoh and said, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, let my people

go, that they may hold a feast unto Me in the wilderness."

But Moses only angered the pharaoh, who seeing the people losing their slavish obedience, said to the taskmasters, "These Hebrews grow idle. Give them no more straw wherewith to make brick, but let them wander into the stubble-fields and find straw for themselves."

When this order was made known to the Hebrew people, they cried out under the oppression, and God said to Moses, "Now shalt thou see what I will do to the pharaoh. For with a strong hand shall he let the people go, and with a strong hand shall he drive them out of the land."

Then Moses and Aaron went before the pharaoh again, and with his rod Moses did marvelous things. Plagues of hail, and terrible boils came upon Thebes. The river became blood, a pestilence of loathsome frogs poured over the city, the dust swarmed with lice, a plague of flies, and a disease of the beasts warned the Egyptians of the power of Israel's God, and still the pharaoh would not let the people go. Then came a pestilence of locusts, and an awful visitation of darkness — a darkness which might be felt, and yet the pharaoh would not let the people go.

Now came the last plague, for God sent Azrael, the terrible Angel of Death, who swept over

Thebes and Oph, and in every house where the blood of a lamb was not sprinkled upon the door-post and lintels, the first-born died. For God, by Moses, ordered all the Hebrews to sacrifice a lamb, and strike its blood upon the lintels and the door-posts, that the Angel of Death might pass over them. This they did, and ate unleavened bread as they were commanded. When the first-born died, the pharaoh was smitten with sorrow, and he was filled with desire to get rid of these people, and all the Egyptians shared his wish. They gave gold and jewels of great value to the Israelites.

The brick-fields of the Nile now saw a great uprising. Like the sands of the seashore were these Hebrews for multitude, and they fled together eastward to the Red Sea's border, carrying the bones of Joseph with them.

As a wave that rolls over the land, they fled from the borders of Thebes; and the pharaoh, riding forth, saw the great waste of the brick-fields with the deserted mud huts and the piles of half-baked bricks. He missed the sight of the busy labor and its gains, and calling for horsemen and chariots, he started in hot pursuit of the Hebrews.

They were tired from their forced traveling; and having been slaves for so long, they missed even the yoke of their bondage. When they saw the pharaoh's chariots approaching, slavish cowardice

overcame them, and they cried out to Moses, "Are there no graves in Egypt, that thou hast brought us out here to die in the wilderness?"

For the Red Sea lay before them, and they had no boats to cross it, and they believed in the power of the pharaoh to slay them, rather than in the power of God through Moses to save them. But Moses stretched forth his hand over the Red Sea, and its waters were divided, leaving the ground dry between them. Then with a shout the host of Israel crossed over to the other side, and as the last one passed to the opposite shore, the pharaoh and his horsemen dashed up. They, too, plunged into the pathway between the waters, and as they were midway, the waters closed suddenly above their heads with a mighty roar, and they were drowned. Horse and rider, every one perished in the flood, even the pharaoh himself. So God delivered His people, Israel, by the hand of Moses, according to His promise, and they set their faces toward the land of Canaan.

III.

Along the path from the well a little Hebrew girl paced slowly, bearing her water-jar. Around her lay the peaceful plain of Sinai dotted with tents, the cattle quietly grazing, and the sunlight

lying over all. Beyond, in the distance, rose the Mount of Sinai, and toward its summit the little maid's eyes turned wistfully. She wended her way toward a group of tents lying apart, where the household of Moses dwelt. Seeking out the largest, she silently placed her water-bottle before an old woman who sat cowering over a fire. The old woman looked up, and her eyes softened as they fell upon the little handmaid.

"Thou and I are here alone in the tents of the household of Moses," she said sadly. "None are true but the old Rachel and the little handmaid, Tirzah. Zipporah, too, must even see that golden calf! Tell me, child, for because of mine age mine eyes are dim, does a cloud rest upon Sinai to-day?"

Tirzah went to the tent door and looked upon Sinai's summit. "The cloud lies there," she said, "but I think it lifts a little. Rachel, why does not Moses return? Is he gone from us back to Egypt, as the people say, or does he talk yet with God upon the mountain?"

"How canst thou doubt?" grumbled the old woman. "But thou art of the land of Midian. Thou didst not see the wonders of the plagues, the great walls of the Red Sea's waters as we passed over, nor didst thou hear the roar of the flood when it closed over the pharaoh."

"Nay, but thou hast often told me," said little Tirzah, softly.

"Saidst thou the cloud lifted a little?" continued the old woman. "Come, child, let us go hence. We, too, will look upon that golden calf in the midst of the plain."

Tirzah wondered why at last Rachel would look on this heathen idol, which Aaron had made of the gold ornaments of the Hebrews; but she ran along obediently by the old woman's side, listening to the story of the burning bush, and the wicked pharaoh, till suddenly she cried, "Look, Rachel! A golden cloud like the glory of heaven is lifting from Sinai."

"Then hurry," cried Rachel, "lest we be too late!" A sound of loud singing fell upon their ears, followed by the clash of cymbals. Soon they reached the outskirts of a crowd, swaying to and fro and dancing in wild circles about a hideous calf of gold mounted high upon a pedestal, and Tirzah clung in fright to Rachel's skirts.

Rachel seated herself upon a hillock apart, and drawing Tirzah down by her side, said, "Watch the mountain slope for Moses, thy master; for, as the cloud lifted from the mountain, so God restores him to the people. They in their rioting saw not the sign."

Tirzah watched, and soon, down the mountain

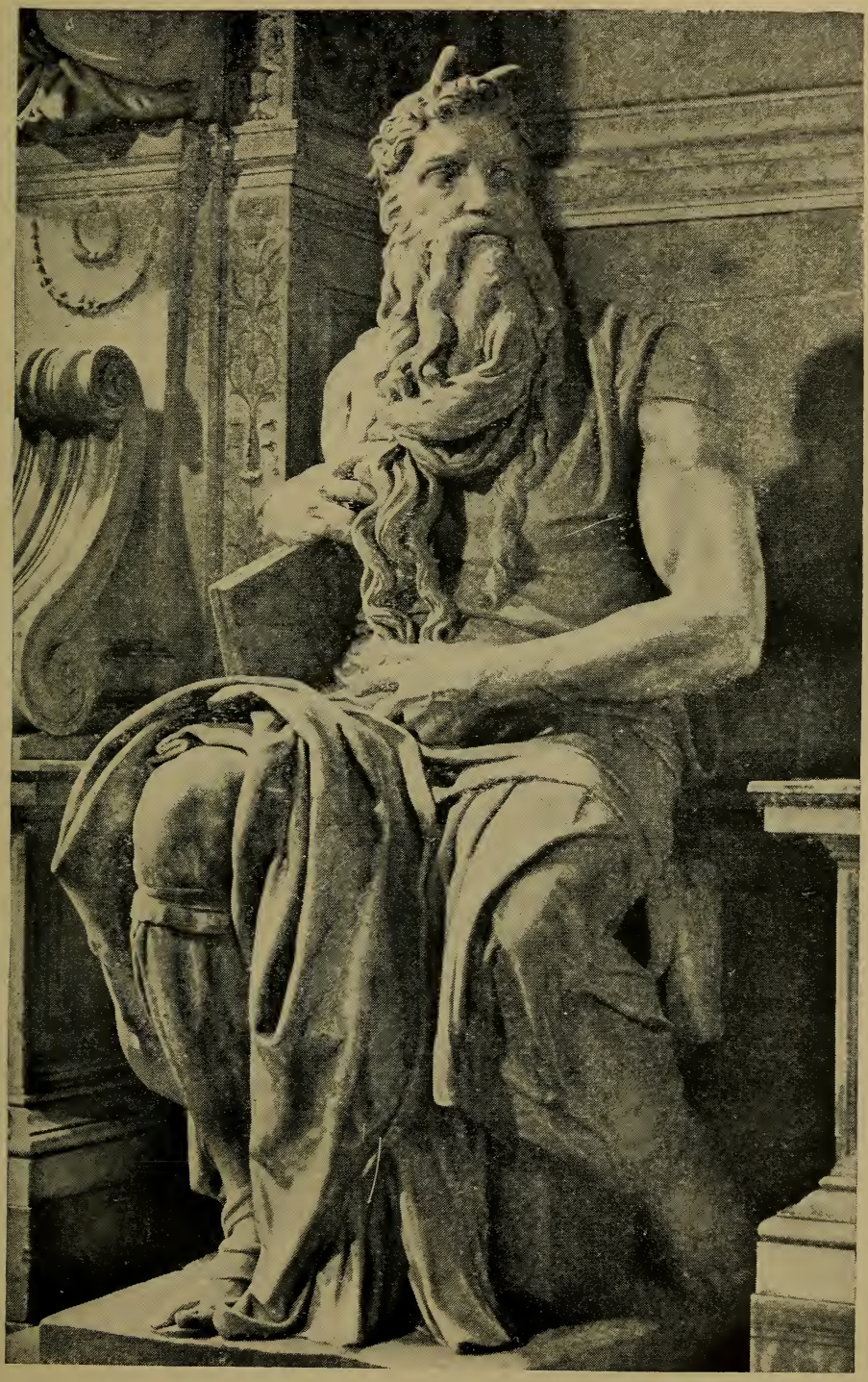
side, she saw a figure descending. It was the figure of a man, tall, majestic, and imposing. His ample linen garments fell about him in swinging folds, as, clasping two tablets of stone, he hastened toward the plain. Beside him walked another figure, younger and more elastic in his stride.

"'Tis Moses," cried Tirzah, joyfully, "and Joshua!" Along a winding foot-path they descended, till, reaching the hillock near Rachel and Tirzah, Moses paused, standing motionless, his arms, clasping the tablets, folded over his breast. Tirzah watched his face gathering wrath, as his eye swept over the whirling, shouting dancers. He started directly into their midst, and they parted right and left to let him pass. The clashing of cymbals ceased, and the silence of death fell upon them, till one could hear the sweep of the wind upon the trees of the mountain side.

Then Tirzah heard the sonorous voice of Moses speaking to the people, and at last high above his head he held the tables of stone before he flung them from him with a mighty crash. They broke in pieces, and with them was destroyed all God's law which He had given to Moses upon the mount.

Next he laid his hands upon the golden calf, and wrenching it loose, swung it into the fire.

"Oh!" cried Tirzah, terror-stricken, "I fear to



Statue by Michaelangelo.

MOSES.

go into the tents this evening, for his anger will utterly consume us."

But it was not so, for when the little handmaid of Zipporah served him at supper, he looked kindly upon her, and spoke gentle words to her. Next morning he went once more up into the mountain, and the cloud of God rested upon it. This time, when he returned with other tablets of God's commandments, he did not break them in pieces, but put them reverently into the Ark of the Covenant, to be a law to all the people; and the second time when he came among them he found no golden idol, and his face shone. Such a glory of light shone from his face that Tirzah fell upon her knees and hid hers.

After that the tents were struck, and the wandering in the desert began again. It lasted in all, forty years, and Tirzah was grown to be a tall woman with children of her own, when at last the Israelites came out of the wilderness near to the river Jordan, and to the promised land of Canaan. Now Tirzah's daughter Mahlah was handmaid to Zipporah, and old Rachel was gathered to her fathers.

The country near the river Jordan was very beautiful and set about with lofty mountains, and the spies who came in from Canaan reported it to be a land flowing with milk and honey.

It was sunset, and the day's march being over,

Moses rested in the door of the tent, and Mahlah served him. His hair and his beard were white as snow, and his eye shone with tender kindness.

"Go," said he to Mahlah, "and summon to me Joshua."

When Joshua came, Moses said, "My last words have been spoken to the people, for I am an old man, one hundred and twenty years old, and now let me lay my hands upon thee, and the spirit of God will come upon thee, and thou shalt lead the people into Canaan, whither I cannot go."

Then he blessed Joshua, and called all his children and household about him and blessed them, and said, "God hath commanded me to go up into Mount Nebo to view the promised land, and when I go thence, look not to see me return, because I cannot go into Canaan, for that I sinned at the smitten rock, whence I gave you water to drink in the wilderness."

And so he left them in the twilight, and climbed into Mount Nebo when the white stars shone down upon it. All the camp saw Moses go, and watched the tall, majestic figure, toiling alone up the steep, his staff in his hand. And Tirzah watched him till her eyes grew dim with tears, remembering, as she did, that morning at the foot of Sinai, when she had watched him ascending that other mountain to bring to them the laws of God.

She slept but ill that night, thinking of the old man alone upon Nebo, and with the first beam of dawn she crept from her tent, and hurried out toward the mountain. Watching behind some bushes, she gazed up toward the summit, and as the golden sun rays touched it with the glory of the fresh-born morning, she saw, standing upon the mountain's brow, the stately figure of Moses. He looked abroad over the fair, wide land of Canaan, toward which he had led his people for forty years. It was the same proud and noble pose as of the boy Moses, when, back in the land of Egypt, he had stood for the first time before the daughter of the pharaoh.

As Tirzah looked, a misty cloud gathered in the blue sky above him and slowly descended. It rolled in fleecy folds about the mountain-top, and hid from view forever that lofty form. When Moses did not return, all Israel mourned for him thirty days; and then Joshua arose to lead them, and they followed him over the river Jordan and up to Jericho.

On the day when the walls of Jericho fell, and the people were pouring into the city, delighted with the joy of possession, Tirzah stood, looking backward toward the desert, and thinking of the sad, clear eyes on Nebo's top which had beheld this blessing only from afar, and whose burial was hid with God.

PRINCE SIDDARTHA.

FAR away in the land of India, the great snow-capped Himalayas lift their summits into a sky of deepest blue. The plains and valleys are strewn with blossoming gardens. In this far-away land, once upon a time, lay a little kingdom crossed by a silver-flowing river.

Over it ruled King Suddhodana and Queen Maya, and on a beautiful summer's day the people of the chief city were told to keep holiday. A little prince had been born in the palace, a baby king for the people to love and reverence, and his father and mother named him Siddartha.

The streets were strewn with rose leaves, and the people sang and danced and went wild with joy. Sword-players and jugglers did their wonderful tricks, tiger tamers with their dangerous beasts displayed them on the streets, drums beat, and music filled the air.

From other kingdoms came merchants bearing rich presents to the little helpless sleeping baby, lying in his soft silken nest up in the palace, and knowing nothing of all the joy his birth had caused.

Many of the visitors who came to the palace asked to see the baby prince, and among them was Asita, a holy man in a long gray robe. He came from a cave far up in the hills, where he sat alone and thought of God. When the king and the queen saw him, they tried to prevent him from kneeling to the babe as all others had done. The queen said gently that it would be more fitting to lay the babe at the holy man's feet. Asita would not have it so. Bowing before the child eight times with his face on the earth, the holy man read his future. He said, "This child is Buddha. He is sent of God from Heaven to the people to bless them and show God's perfect law to them." Hearing these words King Suddhodana was afraid, but little Siddartha, all unconscious, slumbered peacefully.

Queen Maya had not long to love her pretty baby, for seven days after he was born she died, and the little prince had a foster mother to bring him up. When he reached eight years, his father thought that Siddartha was now old enough to have teachers, and be instructed in all the deep and wonderful Indian learning.

Calling his council of wise men together one day, they selected the wisest man in the kingdom, Viswamitra, to teach the prince.

Viswamitra was an aged man, whose beard of

snow flowed down to his waist, and his dark eyes glowed with the deep and strange learning he had acquired through many weary years. Sitting in a great chair beside a cooling fountain, he waited for little Siddartha. Presently the prince came, a tall, straight boy, clothed in soft blue linen, with a broad belt of silver around his slender waist. Locks of curling silken hair fell about a face so beautiful and simple and childlike in its expression, that he seemed like a baby standing at the knee of Viswamitra and awaiting his commands.

Little Siddartha was to write upon a slate of ox-red sandalwood, made smooth as satin with emery dust and framed in precious stones. The old man gave him the slate, and began gently and slowly to dictate a sentence such as a child might understand and learn to write, when to his surprise Siddartha took the slate and wrote upon it all that Viswamitra gave and much more, writing better and clearer than the wise man could himself. When Viswamitra saw this, he caught the slate from Siddartha's hand, saying, "I cannot teach thee writing. Let us to number."

So the slate was laid aside, and Viswamitra commanded the boy to count slowly after him. They began together, but by and by Siddartha, noting a pause in Viswamitra's voice, went on alone, showing such knowledge of number that the

wise man listened with bent head. At length, as the prince continued, he rose and flung himself upon his face as Asita had done, crying, "Prince, thou knowest all that it is given mankind to know; thou art a teacher of thy teachers, but thou art besides an obedient, reverent boy."

Siddartha was always that, a soft-mannered, tender-hearted boy, yet in all his father's court there was no more fearless horseman, no bolder chariot driver than Siddartha became. In many a chase, however, so pitiful was the boy, that when he overtook the deer and the shy gazelle, rather than shed their blood, he let them go, and his companions looked on and wondered. His chief companion and playmate was his cousin Devadetta.

One day the two lads strolled together in the palace garden. It was early spring, and soft and tender new life lay spread about them. Siddartha now was grown to be a tall, strong lad, and he wore upon this day a tunic of snowy linen belted with a crimson sash. Devadetta, wearing scarlet silk, strolled beside him, his quiver at his side and over his back his bow. In his hand he held a long arrow. Devadetta's face was dark and strong, his eye flashing like the eagle's, and his restless hand carrying the arrow, slashed off the flower heads as he passed, while the soft and slender hand of Siddartha caressed them.

The earth was white with blossoms, the sky a sun-swept blue, and as the boys lifted their eyes toward it, they saw a flock of snow-white swans, voyaging north to their nests upon the Himalaya slopes. A broad-winged, noble bird was leading the way. Swift as the thought Devadetta's arrow was fitted to the bow, the cord twanged, and through the scented air the long shaft cut its way, reaching with cruel art the soft breast of the pilot bird. The broad wings drooped, and down into the garden dropped the wounded creature, the bitter arrow in its bleeding breast, the scarlet of its blood staining its snowy plumes.

Devadetta, seeing the bird fall, turned from it with a shrug of his shoulders; hitting it was all he had cared for; his pride being satisfied, the swan might die unheeded.

Not so Siddartha. Seeing the swan fall, he ran and gathered it upon his lap, sitting with crossed knees, and soothed its wild fright with his tender, loving hands. The arrow still remained in the bird's breast. Gently the boy smoothed the ruffled feathers, then by degrees drew forth the cruel steel barb and laid cool leaves and healing honey on the wound. When the kind hands had put the bird to rest, Siddartha, who had never himself felt pain, picked up the arrow and pressed

it closely to his wrist, and winced when he felt its sting. Tears dimmed his soft eyes with this new knowledge of the creature's pain, and he bent tenderly over the swan with doubled pity for its past and present suffering.

Meanwhile Devadetta had returned to the palace, when thinking suddenly how well the swan's feathers would serve to trim his arrows, he sent a servant to the gardens to bring it to him.

The servant found Siddartha still tending the wounded bird, and gave Devadetta's message. Siddartha raised his great eyes, and with his hand caressing the swan's neck, said, "Tell my Lord Devadetta this from the Prince Siddartha, 'To send a dead bird to its slayer would be well. He meant to bring the bird to death by his arrow. I have restored the bird to life. The swan is mine.'"

When this answer was brought to Devadetta he ran angrily down the garden terraces and came to Siddartha. "The bird is mine!" he cried. "Up there in the blue he belonged to no one, but my arrow brought him to thy feet. Living or dead, the bird belongs to me."

Siddartha arose and laying the bird's soft feathers against his cheek said, "Nay, Devadetta, the bird is mine. If thou dispute it, let us submit it to the council."

The question was submitted to the council of

wise and learned Indian priests who argued it a long time, until at length up rose an unknown priest clothed in snowy white, who said, "Prince Devadetta sent the bird to death; the Prince Siddartha gave him life; who saves a life is greater than he who destroys one. Give Siddartha the bird." This judgment was declared just, but when King Suddhodana sent to the hall to do honor to the priest, he was gone, and some one saw a white-hooded snake crawling off among the rose-bushes. Then they believed the priest to have been a god; for sometimes the gods thus visited the earth.

One day in later springtime the king called Siddartha to him and said, "Son, thou hast never left the palace gardens nor its gates. To-day I shall take thee to see the land where thou shalt reign when I am gone, and thou art become king in my place. 'Tis a beautiful land. Feed the people well; but keep thy gold chests full."

Then they rode abroad, and Siddartha saw the red-coated oxen straining their strong shoulders in the heavy yokes, as they dragged the plow across the fields. He saw the sowers in the furrowed fields, flinging their seeds. He saw sunbirds and purple butterflies, striped squirrels and broad-tailed peacocks, and all the air was sweet with the scent of flowers and with the cooing love-songs of blue doves.

But Siddartha's eyes saw more; he saw, behind the oxen, the poor man toiling under the hot sun, with drops of sweat pouring down his weary face. He watched the oxen as the great ox goad cut their straining velvet flanks. Then he marked how the lizard ate the ant, the snake ate the lizard, and the kite fed on both. The fish-hawk, dashing through the air, robbed the fish tiger of the prey in its mouth. The shrike chased the nightingale. The nightingale chased the purple butterflies.

Prince Siddartha was filled with sadness at seeing the bright world one long struggle of life and death, and pity stirred his heart. The king, riding by his side, noted nothing of all this. "What think you of your kingdom?" he cried. "Is it not wondrous fair?"

Siddartha answered, "Father, I am weary. Let me rest and think awhile beneath this lemon tree." The boy seated himself with ankles crossed, as silent as a statue; and there they sought him at eventide with the shadows falling over him. And a shadow had fallen on his heart. He had seen the sorrow of the world and longed to find a way of comfort for all who suffered. After this he was pale and sad, and brooded night and day on how to make the world better.

He was now eighteen, and his father, seeing him so sad, called a council of wise men to know what

to do with Siddartha, and they said, "He is lonely; find him a wife." Then they made a great feast, and all the maidens of the kingdom were invited to come to it, and Siddartha was to give them each a gift.

The day came, and in an open place Siddartha sat upon a throne, the gifts beside him. So silent was he that each maiden, as she passed, feared to lift her eyes to him, but seizing her gift, fled shyly to her companions.

At last came a royal maiden with deep, soft, glowing eyes. She was the fair Yasodhara. Looking full upon the prince, she said, "Is there a gift for me?" And he looked full at her as he replied, "The gifts are gone; yet here," and unclasping a chain of emerald from his neck he put it about Yasodhara's slim silken waist.

The king Suddhodana then asked Yasodhara's father to give her in marriage to his son. But before a prince of India could win a bride, he must show himself stronger and fleeter than all his fellows. Devadetta also had seen Yasodhara, and wished very much to wed her. He was glad of the law of the games, for he thought in his proud heart that it would not be hard to overcome the gentle Siddartha.

Upon the day set for the games came Siddartha, riding his snow-white horse, Kantaka, and looking

"The Gifts are gone; yet Here."

out over the throngs of people with strange, wondering eyes. Then he saw Yasodhara, and leaping from his horse smiled up at her and cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl who is not worthiest; let my rivals prove if I have dared too much in seeking her."

Prince Nanda challenged for the arrow test. He set a brazen drum a long distance off across the plain, Arjuna had his drum placed beside Prince Nanda's, and Devadetta's was placed a quarter of the distance farther beyond, for Devadetta was a famous archer.

The Prince Siddartha bade them place his drum so far beyond the others that it shone in the sunlight as small as a glistening penny. Nanda drew an arrow and pierced his target, and Prince Arjuna followed. Then Devadetta, striding forward, strung his bow and placed an arrow on both edges of his far-distant drum so skillfully that the crowds shouted, and Yasodhara dropped her eyes, fearful lest she should see Siddartha fail. Prince Siddartha picked up his bow carelessly and pulled it so that it bent together and touched at the ends. It was a bow of cane made strong with copper wire, and only great strength could bend it. Siddartha flung it from him as if it had been a toy. "That is for play," he said, laughing softly; "bring me the weapon of a man!"

"There is none stronger in the kingdom except the bow of thy great-grandfather which hangs upon the wall of the temple," they told him.

"Fetch it to me," said Siddartha. They brought him the bow, wrought of black steel, and Siddartha tried it twice across his knee. Handing it to Devadetta, he said, "My cousin, shoot with this."

Devadetta took it, but could not bend it an inch. Then Siddartha, bending slightly forward, fitted the arrow to its notch and twanged the cord, which sent forth a long, vibrating, musical tone. With another movement he sent the arrow singing across the plain. It struck the center of his brazen drum, passed through it, and continued in its flight till it was gone from sight.

Devadetta challenged with the sword and clove a palm tree six inches thick. Prince Nanda cut through one of seven inches. Prince Arjuna struck through one of nine.

Siddartha, swinging his sword three times about his head, suddenly smote a trunk of eighteen inches' thickness. His blade flashed through it like the lightning's stroke and left the palm tree standing. "Ha!" cried Prince Nanda, "the edge of his sword was turned upon the tree!" and Yasodhara, seeing the tree still standing, trembled with fear. But suddenly a little puff of wind crossing the plain swayed the broad palm leaves,

and the tree, cut clean in two, toppled its branches over on the ground.

Prince Siddartha had a snow-white horse, Kantaka, born on the same day as he, and on this horse he, with the other princes, raced three times around the plain, and Kantaka easily passed the other horses. Then Nanda cried, "Bring an unbroken horse into the field and see who best can back him!"

They brought in a wild black horse, led by three chains, unshod and unsaddled, with fierce, fiery eyes and tossing mane, whom no man yet had ridden. Devadetta and Nanda tried to mount him, but were flung down into the dust, and they crept away in shame. Up came the bold Arjuna, who grasped the steed's mane and flung himself upon his back. With all his fierce young strength he succeeded in keeping himself upon the horse once around the plain. Then the beast flung back his head, seized Arjuna by the naked foot, dragged him from his back, and would have killed him had not the grooms interfered and cast the chains upon the horse.

When Siddartha stepped forth a cry rose up across the plain, "Do not let the prince ride! The horse is a demon! He will kill him!" But Siddartha went softly to the head of the maddened beast, laid his tender hand across his eyes, and

drew it down his face. "Take off his chains," he commanded; "give me his forelock only." As the prince stroked the horse and soothed his fright, he suddenly bowed his tossing head and stood there quietly. Nor did he stir when Siddartha mounted him, but went obediently to rein, and touch of knee, three times around the field, till all with one acclaim cried, "Siddartha is best!" And so he won his wife Yasodhara.

King Suddhodana knew that old Asita's prophecy must come true; that Siddartha was Buddha, or the great god they worshiped in India, born into human life again to teach men greater wisdom, and to share and pity their sorrows. The king knew all this; but he did not want to lose his beloved son. So he thought he would shut him in a palace amidst gardens where all was so beautiful that he could never hear of nor see sorrow and sin. In this palace Siddartha lived with Yasodhara, and all the gardens were inclosed by a high wall, whose only entrance was barred by triple gates of brass.

One day Siddartha and Yasodhara sat together in the palace, listening to a singing girl called Chitra. Her song was all about the world and the strange peoples who dwell in it. The prince grew restless after this tale, and sent word to the king that he must see the city. Then the king was afraid. He sent an order throughout the city

that it should be decked with flowers, that every one should wear his holiday clothes and dance and be merry, and that no sick nor lame nor blind should upon any account be seen upon the streets, for the prince would ride forth to visit his people.

Everything went well at first, and Siddartha rode through throngs of happy, smiling people, who cried, "Hail, hail!" to him as he passed, and he wondered much at the pleasure and happiness which sprang from so many humble homes. Suddenly, out in front of his car, tottered an old and trembling man, so thin that the bones showed through his flesh, and so old that he staggered, as he leaned upon his staff and cried out, lifting up his dim, bleared eyes, "Alms, alms! To-morrow I die!"

The runners with staves tried to beat him back to his hovel, but Siddartha called to Channa, his charioteer, "Stop, Channa! Such a man as this I never saw before. What ails this man? Are there others like him? Why is he thus, so terrible to behold!"

Channa replied, "My prince, this man is simply grown old. Once he was a laughing child; then a youth as thou art; but now the years have stolen away his life, and he is as you see."

Siddartha repeated, "Are there others like him?"

"Yes," said Channa, "all that live grow to be like him."

"And shall I?" asked Siddartha, "and Yasodhara?"

"Yes," said Channa, "all the world becomes like this."

"Turn home," commanded Siddartha, "I have seen that I had not thought to see."

That night he could neither eat nor sleep for thinking of old age. Over and over again the thought repeated itself, "Every one must grow old and suffer pain." He rose and sent to King Suddhodana, and said, "My visit to the world yesterday was a festival. To-day, in merchant's dress, Channa and I will go forth alone and see things as they are."

The king sorrowfully gave consent, and Channa and Siddartha set forth together early in the morning, and wandered abroad all day. Then was unfolded to the prince's sorrowing eyes the sin, disease, and sufferings of the poor; the many, many thousands who thus suffered; and at last he saw a body upon its funeral pile beside the river, and learned the mystery of death.

Seeing all this, the god-soul in Siddartha awoke, and he was no longer the gentle prince, but the Lord Buddha, ready to perform his mission in the world; to wander forth among the people, sharing

their sorrows and burdens, and teaching the lesson that no one should ever willfully destroy life of any sort. When he returned to the palace that night, so strange a look was on his face that King Suddhodana ordered a triple guard of men to be placed beside the great brass gates.

At midnight Siddartha arose, and taking leave of the sleeping Yasodhara, softly ordered Channa to bring to him, all saddled and bridled, his horse Kantaka. Siddartha drew the horse's proud head down and whispered in his ear, "Kantaka, to-night thou must bear me the farthest journey ever steed bore rider; for this night I shall mount thee to go in search of truth, and where that is found, no man yet knows."

He sprang to Kantaka's back, and Channa mounted his own horse behind him, and together they rode in silence to the gateway of triple brass. When they reached it, the gates whose opening by daytime made a noise like heavy thunder, now rolled back in magic silence, and both riders passed between the sleeping men, unseen and unheard. Thus they passed through the inner and outer city, and far out into the country. Then Siddartha, dismounting, took Kantaka's head in his hands, and kissed the horse between the eyes. "Farewell to thee, sweet horse," he said; "and to thee, my faithful Channa. Lead

Kantaka back to my father, and say it is better for him, for those I love, and for all the world, that I go forth to-night. Tell him I go in search of hope, therewith to succor all mankind."

So Siddartha, the mighty prince, became Lord Buddha. He wore a simple yellow robe, begged his food from door to door, and always he prayed in silence from night till morning, and from morning till night again, for help against the sorrow of the world. He lived among the lowliest and most despised of the people of India.

One day as he wandered along a road, he saw a flock of little mountain sheep and black goats driven through the dusty ways by the shouting herdsmen. The poor little animals, hungry for the wayside grass, tried, as they were driven on, to nibble at its tufts. Among the flock was a mother-sheep with two young lambs, her twins. One lamb had hurt its foot which it dragged bleeding through the dust; the other, gay and merry, skipped away among the rest of the herd in constant danger of getting lost. The troubled mother ran this way and that, not willing to leave the little suffering lamb, nor to lose her sprightly baby. Lord Buddha, standing by the roadside, noted the mother's trouble, and with tender pity shining in his eyes, lifted the wounded lamb into his arms, saying, " Poor woolly mother, be at peace, for I

will bear and share thy care." Then he asked the herdsmen why they were driving their flocks down from the mountains at noon. They answered that they led them to the temple of the city to be slaughtered at a sacrifice which the king of that city had ordered. Lord Buddha said, "I will go with you"; and he paced along in the dust and the heat of noonday, bearing the sick lamb in his arms, while its poor mother trotted trustfully at his side.

When they came to the city all stood aside in reverence, beholding the goodness and the greatness of Lord Buddha's face; and at last they entered the temple, within which the king stood, offering sacrifice. Lord Buddha looked toward the great altars where the fires burned, with rills of warm red blood flowing round their bases. On an altar lay a black-horned goat, its head tied back, a priest's knife at its throat. This goat's death was supposed to wash away the sin of the king. Lord Buddha, standing beside him, said softly, "Let the priest withhold his hand, let him not strike, O king!" Then when the king, awed by the glory shining in Lord Buddha's face, had given the command, Buddha himself went and lifted the goat from the altar, untying its bonds. Standing thus among the priests, he taught them to reverence life and let each creature live out its

own, so that in that temple no more sacrifices were held, but all believed in and worshiped Lord Buddha.

Thus he went from land to land, preaching love and pity and reverence for life. And at last he came back into Kapilavistu, his own city, and met again his father and Yasodhara with his son. And they were content to let him go throughout the world, blessing, with his teaching and his pity, all living creatures.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF CYRUS THE GREAT.

THE hot sun was pouring down upon Ecbatana, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Media. It was noonday, and the great white city, lying on the steep hillsides, seemed wrapped in slumber. The city was built upon the plan of three circles, one within the other. There were the outer city, the middle city, and the inner city, inclosed by its gleaming white wall, and built upon the summit of the ascent.

In the heart of the inner city, the gardens and palaces of King Astyages lay, kept sacredly apart from the bustle of soldiers and common people which was seen in the other two sections.

In the palace all was silence and drowsiness. King Astyages slept, and beside lulling fountains of falling water, all the wives and dancing-girls and slaves of the great king slept also. Only the black slaves, bent upon their duties, crept noiselessly about the great palace. But as the sun declined, and the blue shadows stretched themselves eastward, a stir was noticed in the crowd of slaves lying outside the king's door. "The king wants the

Prince Cyrus," passed from lip to lip, and the palace was immediately given up to search.

In its center, in a hall built of gold and marble, a circular space, sanded with pure white sand and strongly barred, inclosed a fierce lion. The bars, though of great strength, were slenderly wrought; and here he who would, might view the king's pet. Sometimes the unfortunate who looked upon this lion viewed also for the last time the earth whereon he had been born.

The lion lay crouched in the center of the sanded space, blinking wearily. Leaning against a marble pillar, and gazing thoughtfully upon that caged strength, stood a tall, strong, handsome lad. He wore the long simple robe of the Persian, without embroidery, and made of plain stuff; and his face, eyebrows, and eyelashes showed none of the painting and staining which were seen upon every other face, whether man's or woman's, in the palace. He and the lion looked long into each other's eyes.

"Thy cage is fine, but thou hatest it," the boy murmured to the beast, "and my cage is fine," and he looked about at the marble walls of the palace, "but I hate it too! Ah, Lemprius!" as a tall black slave suddenly prostrated himself before him. "Rise, Lemprius; what is it you want?"

"The king asks for the Prince Cyrus," said the slave.

"Lemprius," cried Cyrus, hotly, "he will ask me to dine with him again. Oh, I know it is a great honor, granted to but very few, but I am sick of honors at this Median court! Let me go back to the rough hills, to the simple outdoor life of Persia! There I lived with the youths, I followed the chase, I learned virtue and justice from the old men, I was happy! But here, in this painted court with its stifling perfumes, what call to courage or honor is there? Where is the life of a man here, listening to music and watching dancing-girls? I like none of them but Atossa. Atossa listens when I talk of Persia and its wild woods and great steep hills, its valleys, its streams. O Persia! Lemprius, my heart wearies! Why will not King Astyages at least let me go home to my father for a season?"

"Because he fears King Cambyses far less than Cambyses's son, the Prince Cyrus," returned the high, slow voice of Lemprius, as he and Cyrus together threaded the corridors toward the king's chamber. "Persia pays tribute to Media, and pays it willingly only while her prince royal, son of King Cambyses, lives with Astyages of Media at Ecbatana."

"Lemprius, you have the ear of the king. Beseech him to let me go to Persia, if only to get one draught of pure Persian air."

"Have you not asked the king?"

"Oh, many times; but all he says is, 'I cannot lose so noble a cup-bearer as Prince Cyrus.'"

Arrived at the king's door, Lemprius ushered Cyrus in. There, in a room of great size and height, whose walls were plates of beaten silver and gold, whose floor was marble of the finest quarry, where fountains plashed, and low music rippled, where heavy perfumes rose in smoke from low brass braziers, buried deep in silken cushions, lounged Astyages, king of Media. His eyebrows and lashes were painted thick and black, but his cheeks were red as crimson from a dye placed upon them, and with his slender, weak hands he held and toyed with a rose.

Cyrus, having prostrated himself before the king, received his invitation to dine with him.

"And now desire of me a favor, O prince," said Astyages languidly.

Cyrus straightened himself. "Let me visit the Lord Cambyses, my father," he implored. "Let me see Persia."

"And is not Media fairer than Persia?" asked the king.

"O king, live forever," returned Cyrus. "Media is fair; but to the dog, the kennel is fairer than the courts of the king."

"And to the wild boar, the forest is sweeter

than the garden of rare fruits," softly sang Atossa, the dancing-girl. Cyrus flung her a look. Then he retreated from the presence of the king without receiving the permission he craved, and lying down beside a fountain, moodily watched the flying drops.

Late that night Lemprius came to his bedside. Rousing the boy, he whispered softly, "I have the permission. At once you may ride away from the palace to Parsargadæ, to your father. I give you my fleetest horse and my escort of soldiers. The king sets you free for five months." The boy leaped from his bed and made ready. Before midnight he was up and away. Lemprius not only gave him his own escort, but released and mounted the little band of Persian warriors who had been sent to Media with Cyrus.

When in the fragrant dawn Cyrus's eyes beheld the free, open fields upon the highway to Persia, his heart leaped with joy. All day long and far into the night that little band of flying horsemen beat up the dust of the highway.

At nightfall Astyages lay in his favorite place, surrounded by sweet odors, soft tinkling water, and his dancing-girls. Looking about him, he espied Atossa sitting with her hands idly clasped, her lyre at her feet, and a strange, restless look in her eyes. Atossa had liked Cyrus; she missed his presence at

the court, and was angry with him for going away.

Astyages guessed this, and not liking it too well, he called upon Atossa for a song. She rose with a curious smile playing around her lips, and bending low before the king, softly touched her harp and sang: —

"The Lion had the Wild Boar in his power,
But let him depart to his own lair.
In his lair he will wax in strength;
He will cause the Lion a world of toil,
At length the Wild Boar will overcome the Lion."

Astyages turned restlessly upon his cushions. With a frown he sent Atossa away from him, but the words of the song disquieted and disturbed him. He sent for Lemprius. "I was a fool," he said, glowering up at the great black slave, who usually had such control over him. "Why did I let Cyrus go? I had him in my power. But now he is free to gather up his Persian hordes of water-drinkers and cress-eaters, and resist my power over Persia. I was a fool! Go tell my chief officer to take the fleetest band of horsemen in the stables and ride forth at once, overtake Cyrus, and bring him back to Ecbatana."

Lemprius, fearing the unusual anger of the king, hastened to give the command, and at nightfall of the second day, as Cyrus and his men were pitch-

"The King's Will and Decree are the Laws of the Persians."

ing their tents after a hard day's ride, they were overtaken by the band of horsemen, headed by the king's officer. Cyrus knew well what it meant. He folded his arms across his breast, and in silence awaited Eparna's approach. After prostrating himself, Eparna said, "Prince Cyrus, live forever! My gracious master, the king, saith the wine-cup hath lost its sweetness, now that the most noble prince is not his cup-bearer. He requests that Cyrus return immediately to the court of Ecbatana to be the light of his eyes."

Cyrus looked for one instant toward the hills of Persia before he answered. Then he said quietly, "The king's will and decree are the laws of the Medes and the Persians. I will therefore neither question the decree nor the messenger. But thou hast had a day of fleet riding. Thy men and thy beasts are weary. Rest in the tents till morning, and drink with us the wine of cheer and refreshment."

Eparna and his men were very weary, and readily consented to this; so Cyrus prepared a feast and poured the wine freely. The Medes filled cup after cup; but Cyrus and his Persians drank sparingly, as was their custom. At midnight all the Medes were stupid in a heavy drunken sleep. Cyrus watched till, by the light of the dying torches, he saw every warrior lying motionless, when softly rising, he gave a signal, and he

and his Persians stole out together to a thicket, where the horses were tied. They sprang upon them and paced them cautiously for a quarter of a mile, then suddenly gave them the rein, and fled to the first little town on the Persian border, where they arrived at daybreak.

The sentinel of the town accosted Cyrus as he rode up to the gate, and learning who he was, let him in joyfully, calling out the body of soldiers whom his father, Cambyses, had placed there to await him, should he succeed in escaping from Media. Cyrus's heart throbbed and beat with joy as the ranks of sober, steady Persian soldiers filed past him.

Prince in his own right once more, he made them a stirring speech. While they were yet under arms, a messenger came running hastily in from the gates, crying that a body of Median horsemen were riding up to make an attack. Cyrus instantly marshaled his men together and rode out valiantly to meet Eparna. The Median officer had hardly gotten rid of the fumes of the wine, and was besides furious with anger at Cyrus's cleverness in getting out of his hands. So he rushed blindly upon the Persians, and they returned the onslaught under Cyrus's leadership, with such cool, calculated resistance that Eparna was driven back with great slaughter and was glad to

turn his horses' heads and flee to Ecbatana. Cyrus, meanwhile, hurried across Persia to his father's capital, Parsargadæ, where Cambyses received him with the greatest joy.

Astyages impatiently awaited Eparna's return, and gave orders that when he arrived he was to be instantly brought before him. Eparna arrived at nightfall, and dusty and weary, was hurried into the king's presence. Astyages, seeing him come alone, cried out in anger, and when Eparna had told him of his defeat, he exclaimed, "An Assyrian like thyself may be conquered by the Persian hordes, but not the Median! Ah, fool, to let Cyrus get out of thy hands! It boots not to heap favors on the vile! So thou wert gulled by smooth words and hast brought upon us this mischief. I myself will reduce Persia to obedience."

So Astyages called out all his great army and marched in their midst toward Persia, where, in a little town on the frontier, Cambyses and Cyrus with their army of the Persians looked for the coming of the Medians. Cyrus daily inspected the camp, and with words of high courage and inspiration tried to rouse the Persian soldiers to meet and defeat the Medes. But Persia had long been subject to the Medes, and the simple, frugal, hardy Persians doubted their own power to overcome so strong an enemy.

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At length the Medians came, their banners flying, their armor glittering, and the greatness of their numbers completely terrifying the Persians. Cyrus persuaded Cambyses to remain in the town and defend it, and he himself with a beautiful and dauntless courage led the attack upon Astyages. The battle lasted all day, and was fiercely carried on, on both sides. The Persians fought with great courage since the Medians were four to one, and at nightfall Cyrus withdrew his men into the town, having sustained heavy losses; while Astyages, with all his fighting, had not gained a decisive victory. Having many soldiers left, and knowing what number of Persians were killed, Astyages tried a trick. He detached one hundred thousand men and sent them to fall upon the rear of the town. With the rest of his army he attacked the Persians in the front, who called all their strongest force forth in defense. The Medes in the rear suddenly fell upon the town with its little handful of men, and utterly routed them. Cambyses was killed while fighting bravely; and Astyages, who entered the city while Eparna was engaging Cyrus, stood looking down upon the dead body of Cambyses. The song of Atossa recurred to him. By the fortunes of war Cyrus was now king of Persia, and he, Astyages, upon Persian soil. The long-limbed, clean-faced boy with his falcon eye rose

before his mind, and with a foreboding in his heart, he gave orders to his soldiers to advance and take Parsargadæ, the capital.

The Persians, finding the day lost, were fleeing rapidly to Parsargadæ; and Cyrus, galloping swiftly, first entered the city. Rushing to the palace where he was now king, he ordered all the women and children to retreat to the summit of the loftiest of all the rough and lofty mountains, in the heart of which lay Parsargadæ. Then Cyrus placed his men to command the narrow and rocky passes which led to his capital. When the army of Astyages came to the mountains, they found the advance very difficult. Astyages saw at once that he could not get his great army through the narrow pass, bravely defended by ten thousand Persians. So he tried again his plan of detaching a part of his army to go around and come upon Parsargadæ from the rear. The Medes pushed on, and meeting a little band of Persians defending a side pass, conquered them and advanced to the foot of the mountain, at the summit of which the women and children had been placed for safety.

The Persians, closely followed by the Medes, were driven up the slope of the mountain, the Medes shouting and forcing them upward. Suddenly as the men scrambled among the wild olive trees, fighting as they retreated, a wild crying fell

upon their ears. They knew through all the din of battle what that wailing meant. It was the voices of Persian wives and mothers and sisters lifted in sorrow and upbraiding.

"Is it thus that you, Persians, defend your loved ones from the power of the Mede? Thus, do you, rushing and tumbling, show your fear of the sword which you are directing straight to the hearts of the mothers who bore you, and the wives who love you? Will you look on while we are slain before your eyes—you, who could not defend us? Halt, cowards! Rush down upon your enemies rather than away from them! And we, rejoicing to see you die like men, will leap from the rocks, bearing our children, ere the enemy reach us!"

The Persians, nerved and sobered by this appeal, suddenly gathered themselves together, turned upon the enemy, and rushing furiously down the mountain slopes, fell upon the astonished Medes who, pursuing as they thought an easy victory, were overborne and slain in great numbers.

Now for the first time the subject Persians felt the strength of power and conquest infusing them; and Cyrus, beating off Astyages in the narrow passes, called his army together, drove Astyages backward to the open plain and there fell upon him with irresistible fury and conquered him. Astyages was taken prisoner and brought

into the tent of Cyrus. He came, followed by his captured generals. Cyrus dismissed the generals, and, standing quietly in his simple tent, met Astyages with an unbending look and a haughty gesture.

"Thus am I again in your presence, O king," he said. "To you it seemed good to enter a rebellious province and subdue a disobedient people. For years have our elders taught us valor, virtue, and justice; and the Persian soldier having run, as a child from a tormentor at the lash of the cruel whip, hath broken that whip into ribbons and learned his own strength. Behold, thou hast made me king of Persia and Media. All that was thine is mine. The generals whose tactics got thee thy successes are mine, not thine. With them and my hardy Persian soldiers, I, Cyrus, will conquer the world. But to you, Astyages, to whom war was ever a necessity rather than a glory, to you it shall be given to loll upon cushions in a palace, taking thine ease with thy slaves and dancing-girls."

So Astyages was made a prisoner in a palace, and all the people both of Media and Persia gladly welcomed the rule of Cyrus. Persia, under Cyrus, conquered all the then well-known countries of the world and became a great empire, while Cyrus gained the name of Cyrus the Great.

THE KHAN OF THE SILVER CROWN.

A VERY long time ago, in the ancient country of Tartary, there lay hidden in the heart of its mountains a very beautiful city. This city lay close to the boundary where Tartary touches China, and had been built by the Chinese. In its center was a magnificent temple of such great beauty that its windows were set in jewels, and its walls and ceilings incrusted with them. Toward this city, one day, came a horde of strange wild people, riding strong and fiery horses, and bearing bows and spears. The warlike men of the tribe rode foremost, sitting upon their steeds erect and fierce, and behind them came their family tents, odd-looking canopies, mounted upon wheeled platforms, and drawn by fine, strong oxen. This was a fierce Tartar tribe of wandering people led by their great khan, who rode foremost on a creamy-white horse, and whose word was law to all his tribe. From place to place they had wandered, camping for months beside the mountain streams, when the valleys were green and the grass good for pasture; living in caves and forests

around enormous fires, when the winter of the country came down; and always fighting, conquering, or robbing any other tribe which happened to get in their way.

Now all the long night they had been traveling up the narrow valley, and when the morning broke, the city with its gleaming roofs and sparkling towers lay before their eyes. The curling mountain mists were just ascending from it as the sun struck it, and it lay before the Tartar khan's vision like a city of enchantment. Calling some of his men to him, he sent them forward to find where the gates of the city might lie. They returned, bringing to him a tarnished silver bowl. Presenting it to the khan, they told a curious story. A tall, commanding man's figure, wearing the yellow robe of the Tartar dress, came running down the road toward them, carrying the silver bowl. His face was serious and of great beauty. While they looked at him, he stumbled and fell, and when they came up to the place in the road where he had fallen, the silver bowl lay there in the dust, but the man had disappeared.

The khan looked into the bottom of the bowl, and there read the following inscription: "Be thou brave to conquer the Silver Crown and the Golden Throne; but when heirs of thy flesh fail, seek him only to rule the city whom the people love, the

beasts follow, and the sun serves; and he shall be the Khan of the Silver Crown."

Before nightfall the wild Tartar tribe had conquered and taken the city. The ease-loving Chinese inhabitants had preferred running to fighting, and so these wild, mountain people were soon streaming through all the streets and wandering at will into houses, palaces, and temples. The khan went straight to the great temple, and pushing through its courts of jade and ivory and crusted jewels, he came into an inner room of dazzling magnificence, where stood a throne of solid gold, and near it lay a silver crown. Seating himself upon the throne, he put the silver crown upon his head, and proclaimed himself khan of the city. He then had the silver bowl brought to him, and placing it in a cabinet of sandal wood, he hung the key about his neck, and made a decree that every khan of the city who followed him should wear the key about his neck till he died, and then bequeath it to his son.

The wild, wandering Tartars now settled in the city, and gradually laid aside their rough ways of living, growing more and more powerful in all that wealth can bring, and more fierce in the art of war. Khan after khan led the people to battle, and they pushed their way into China and terrified the Chinese, by terrible raids upon their towns. They

returned to the city from these raids bearing great piles of treasures and riches, to add to those which they already had. As the khans grew richer and more powerful, they and the people they ruled over forgot all about the simplicity of their wandering life, and began gradually to lose their strength and bravery, as they grew more and more ease-loving.

Finally, after the silver bowl had been locked in its cabinet for hundreds of years, and the khans who wore the key about their necks forgot what it belonged to, a khan died, leaving no sons nor daughters to succeed him, and the city had no ruler. One of the nobles, bending over the body of the dead khan, observed the tiny key, and remembered the old story of the man in the yellow robe, running down the road with the bowl.

The nobles formed a procession and went into the temple, where again the golden throne was empty, and the silver crown lay upon its cushion. Opening the little cabinet, they read the inscription in the silver bowl: "Be thou brave to conquer the Silver Crown and the Golden Throne; but when heirs of thy flesh fail, seek him only to rule the city whom the people love, the beasts follow, and the sun serves; and he shall be the Khan of the Silver Crown."

The nobles looked at one another in silence. Now as a matter of fact, the people had no love

for the haughty, overbearing nobles, and the nobles did not love the people. The beasts fled in terror from the fleet hoofs of their hunting horses; and as for the great sun, who could bear to lift his face to it, far less ask its personal service? So not a noble of the court dared put the silver crown upon his brow, fearing the mysterious words of the bowl; but they ruled the city among them, dividing up its offices, and for thirteen years there was no khan. By that time strife, anger, bloodshed, and murder were abroad, and the peace of the city was gone. Everywhere they searched for him of whom it might be said, man, beast, and the sun of heaven did him homage. In foreign cities and among other tribes they searched; but no such man could be found.

One of the greatest and strongest nobles of the kingdom was Vitou. One day Vitou and several other nobles had ridden together to hunt in the forest. As dusk was falling, Vitou became separated from his companions, and entering a dark valley in the wood his horse stumbled and fell. Rising, he broke away from Vitou and fled, leaving him to find his way as best he could among the dark trees.

When at last he came out of the wood, the moon was shining brightly over a little village of rude tents and peaceful herds, very like that of his own

tribe in ancient days. Taking a footpath which led down into this village, he came suddenly upon the end of a gigantic mountain ravine, entirely barred across by a tremendous rock.

Through a hole in this rock, a thin stream of cool, sweet water fell slowly into a rocky basin, with a tinkling murmur. Being thirsty, Vitou stooped and drank a long draught of the refreshing water. Then he followed the path to a place where it forked. One branch went on directly down into the village, the other ascended by a winding way, up the steep hillside.

While Vitou stood hesitating, a tall man, clad in a yellow robe and bearing a water-jar upon his shoulders, descended the mountain path. Seeing Vitou standing there, he greeted him courteously; and finding him to be a stranger who had lost his way, he immediately asked him to his hut to spend the night, and promised that in the morning he would send him on his way back to the city. Having filled his water-jar, the man led Vitou up the mountain path to a tiny hut, built upon a light frame stretched upon four poles, and they entered his dwelling-place by a ladder. It was a single room in the center of which was a brazier of wood coals about to die out, the last glow sending a faint light through the gloom.

Vitou saw that he was in a hermit's cell,

and seating himself beside the brazier of coals, which now burned more brightly under added fuel, he began to question his host. In a few minutes light footfalls were heard outside, and a moment later a villager, bearing goat's milk, dates, figs, and bread, hurried into the room, laying this simple but excellent supper before Vitou.

"My mother, seeing thee bid a guest to thy house, sends thee food to his taste, Lord Tewfik," he said. A few moments later another lad appeared with companions, bearing sweet-smelling boughs, which they flung together for a bed, and the elder of the lads said, "Our father, seeing thee bid a guest to thy house, sends thee boughs for the stranger's bed, Lord Tewfik."

"Stay," cried Vitou; "why dost thou this for the stranger guest of thy Lord Tewfik?"

"Because," answered the lad, "the Lord Tewfik hath won our great love. The mountain streams which bring water to us and our beasts dry up in the summer. From year to year we suffered great want of water, thousands of us, also our beasts, dying of thirst, till Tewfik came among us. He, observing that a heavy rock hung over the ravine, where our chief mountain torrent rushes down in the spring, dislodged the rock so that it fell into the mouth of the ravine, shutting back the water, which now lies there in a pool of great purity;

"A Tall Man, descending the Mountain Path."

and a hole, drilled through the rock, serves us in times of need with sweet water."

Here, thought Vitou, catching his breath, is a man whom the people love. He narrowly observed Tewfik as he sat in the light of the coals, and seeing him young, and fair to look upon, asked him eagerly many questions which the hermit answered wisely. After a while they lay down to rest, the hermit upon a rude couch of dried grass, and Vitou upon his sweet-smelling boughs. In the middle of the night he was aroused by the fearful wailing cries of wild beasts, which came nearer and nearer the hermit's dwelling. By and by a united chorus of blood-curdling yells and howlings was heard directly under the platform upon which they were sleeping. Vitou, trembling with terror, crouched among his boughs, scarcely daring to breathe, when he saw Tewfik suddenly arise, take down a bunch of herbs from the wall, and start toward the door. Vitou cried out to him not to go out, or he would be devoured; but heeding neither his words nor his detaining hand, Tewfik disappeared down the ladder. In an instant the howlings ceased. Vitou, breathless with fear, crawled softly over to the doorway, and peeped out.

The moon was shining brightly, and in its beams he beheld Tewfik standing in the midst

of a pack of wild beasts, flinging to them the herbs which they ate greedily, even licking his hands and fawning upon him. After a while they went quietly away, and Tewfik ascended the ladder. To Vitou's astonished questions, he replied with a smile, that years ago he had found an herb which relieved wild beasts in distress, and he fed it to them; they knew he had it, and came to him when they needed it. "Here," thought Vitou, "is a man whom the people love and the beasts follow, but alas! how can the sun serve him?" He tossed upon his bed of boughs and slept uneasily the rest of the night.

In the morning Tewfik awakened him, and led him to a mountain stream, where they had a delicious bath, and Tewfik, fixing some osiers in the water, caught fish for their breakfast. As they reëntered the hut, the pieces of wood in the brazier lay charred to white ashes. Tewfik quietly emptied them out, and laid some fresh dry sticks in their place. Then reaching up, he drew aside a little curtain in the roof, which covered a thick piece of glass. A small disk of brilliant light fell instantly upon the sticks of wood which in a few seconds began to smoke, and shortly after blazed into fire, when the hermit calmly proceeded to broil the fish.

Vitou was in transports of joy. "Thou art the

khan!" he cried; "thou art the khan! How is it that living so near to the city we found thee not in all these years?"

"Where sought you a khan?" asked Tewfik; and Vitou, the noble, hung his head and replied, "Never among the people." Vitou then told him of the inscription in the silver bowl, and said, "Wilt thou be our khan?"

"If," replied Tewfik, "thou wilt lead me to the nobles in this yellow robe." Now the yellow robe was a mark of the poorest class of the people, and Vitou hesitated. "Why may I not bring thee fitting robes?" he asked, for he knew that in fitting clothes Tewfik would stand tall and kingly, but he feared his success would be doubtful in the yellow robe. However, they set out at noon and reached the city at sunset.

Tewfik would not enter the city, but lay all night outside its gates. Vitou hurried to his palace, and called a sitting of the nobles. When they heard of Tewfik, in their hearts they were sorry and not glad. They had learned to love power, and none wished to submit to a khan again, much less to a khan in a yellow robe. So they laughed Vitou to scorn and said: "Thou liest. Show us the khan in the yellow robe!"

Vitou led them to the city gate before it was opened, and there, sitting in the midst of all those

of the common people who waited to enter the city, they saw Tewfik teaching them. "See," cried Vitou, "how the people love him!"

"Nay," they replied, "he is of the people. Why should they not love their own?"

When Vitou called Tewfik, he stood calmly before all the scoffing lords and nobles; and when they jeered at him for claiming to be khan, he said, "I claim nothing. Ye shall put the silver crown upon my head."

"That will never be," they cried. "Come, let us fling him among the beasts who follow him!" They caught him up and carried him to a deep pit, filled with wild beasts of a ferocious kind, and with laughs and mockery flung him in. Then they crowded round, expecting him to be torn to pieces. The beasts leapt forth at him with snarls, but presently the nobles were utterly astonished to see them creeping about him, fawning on him, and licking greedily the bits of herb which he fed to them. Not one wild tooth touched his flesh, but the beasts lay about him in obedience to his slightest touch.

Fear now stirred the hearts of the nobles, and they did not know what to do. Vitou led Tewfik back among them, and then they said, "The sun—let the sun serve him!" They ran and brought wood and piled it up about him. Then they cried:

"Set fire to this pile, and thou mayst go to the temple. If no fire descend from the sun at thy call, we will bring thee fire to a surer purpose."

Tewfik, taking a glass from within the breast of his robe, held it forth with a smile. "Good people," he said calmly, "if when I call down fire from the sun ye still will not bend your stiff necks to a khan, let the fire consume me, as fire will also consume this city, where the people forget their khan and their prophecies."

Now the nobles were sorely afraid and held their breaths, watching the little dancing disk of light as it played over a fagot of wood. Suddenly it became steady, a thin curl of smoke arose, and at last a flame burst forth. A deep silence greeted the flame as it burned and crackled. Then with a shout they tore the wood away, crying, "The khan, the khan!" and bore him on their shoulders to the temple.

There stood the empty throne, the silver crown, and the sandal-wood cabinet locked, with the key within the keyhole. The khan in his yellow dress lifted the crown, and put it upon his brow. At the same instant, Vitou turned the key in the cabinet, and a heavy but refreshing perfume at once filled the room. The bowl was gone, though many had caught its gleam when the door swung

open. In its place lay a fresh, exquisitely beautiful yellow rose. They turned to Tewfik. He stood smiling down at them, tall, stately, commanding and proud, and in his hands, as in the prophecy, lo, he held the silver bowl!

CLOVIS THE FRANK.

A LONG time ago the land which is now called France was a green wilderness, inhabited only by wild wandering tribes of a savage and warlike people. This land was called Gaul. To the north lay low plains and marsh lands, where lived other tribes as wild and savage as those to the south. All these people lived in tents or under mud huts, and either hunted wild game in the woods or pastured cattle on the plains.

When game became scarce or pasture gave out, a tribe would strike their tents and go wandering for better living, perhaps into the lands of another tribe, when a fight would occur, and the stronger tribe conquer the weaker. What are now Belgium and Holland was then a land of marshes and fens, inhabited by the wild tribes of the Ripuarian Franks. Where now are West Germany and the Rhine lived a more savage and warlike branch of these people, called the Salic Franks. All the Franks were tall and strong, with blue eyes and long golden hair. They were fearless in fight, and without softness or pity.

Southeast of Gaul lay the great Roman Empire. Under this empire the people were so highly civilized that they cared only to live in luxury and wear soft garments, eat fine food and be amused, so that even while they were sending their armies to conquer the land of Gaul, they, as a nation, were growing more and more weak and selfish. At length they conquered Gaul, and civilized it; at least they built great roads, and beautiful cities full of palaces, and taught the people all about their gods and goddesses. Then the hardy, warlike Gauls became as soft and ease-loving as the Romans, their conquerors.

Rome was growing very poor; to meet her debts she laid tax after tax upon the conquered Gauls; and if the people had no money to pay these taxes, they were sold as slaves.

While they were so terribly oppressed, priests came through the land preaching Christ's tender love and pity for the poor and suffering. The Gauls were easily persuaded to embrace this new faith; so Gaul became a Christian country. The priests built great churches and monasteries. There were, however, differences in this faith. In the region where Paris now stands, they believed one kind of doctrine; but all through the south another sort of doctrine was taught. The Christians, who, such a short time ago, had been savages, quarreling

over pastures and hunting grounds, now began quarreling over this difference of religion, each trying to prove his own teaching right, and the other wrong. Not that they understood very deeply the difference in teaching; they fought ignorantly under the banners of their leaders. The Christians of the south called themselves Arians.

The Roman Empire had also adopted the Christian faith; but growing weaker and weaker, it finally split in two, and there arose two empires under two emperors. One was known as the Empire of the West, and was ruled by the Emperor Ætius; the Empire of the East was ruled by Theodosius. Theodosius held his capital at Constantinople; Ætius his at Rome. Africa also was a part of the Roman Empire, and was governed by Gaiseric, the Vandal, who hated Ætius and Theodosius, as Theodosius and Ætius hated him.

Gaiseric wished to see Europe weakened still more, so he sent messengers to a terrible savage chief called Attila the Hun, to beg him to overrun Europe, with his hordes of wild followers out of western Asia. Attila entered Europe through western Germany, and pushed his way to a place called Châlons in Gaul. Here he was met by a large army of Romans and Gauls, and a band of northern savages who fought with great fury, and

who were none other than the Ripuarian Franks, under their chief Merovis. The great bravery of the Franks turned the battle against Attila the Hun, and he was driven back out of Europe.

When Merovis returned to his northern marshes, among other treasures taken from the Gauls and Huns, he led a beautiful white horse. He called to him his little grandson, Clovis, and presented him with the horse, bidding him, when he should become a man, grow to be a great warrior, and the leader of his people. Clovis, then a tall open-faced Frankish boy, with blue eyes, and hair as yellow as ripe corn, never missed an opportunity to hear all the stories the warriors told of Gaul — that fair lordly land lying to the south, with its rich fields, and its cities full of treasure.

At length Clovis was grown to be a huge, bearded man, and a warrior fearless in battle, and he became chief of the Franks. One summer a great drought overspread the land of the Franks, and the grass for the cattle turned yellow and died, while the streams of water dried up in their beds, and the sun shone in a sky of brass.

Clovis, on his white horse, had been away from his people; for two weeks he had been looking for pasturage, and now, Fredegonde, his little kinswoman, standing at the door of their mud hut, saw him riding home. She gave the news of his return

From the painting by Ary Scheffer.

CLOVIS IN BATTLE.

to the household; but Clovis, paying no attention to the food and welcome offered him, sat aside, gloomy and silent, looking with sullen eyes upon his half-starved herds of cattle. He had ridden so far to the south that he had seen the sunny, waving corn-fields and the tinkling brooks of northern Gaul, where the drought had not been so severe, and the sight had filled him with a desire to possess this land of plenty for himself.

The next day he sent fleet runners to assemble all the fighting chiefs of his tribes, and they held a great council out under the forest trees. Clovis presided. He told of the riches of Gaul, and urged that the Franks should all together descend upon it, and take the land. The younger chiefs were all with him; but some of the older ones spoke cautiously of the strength of Roman arms.

Hildebrand, nephew of Clovis, hiding behind a tree, heard it all, and running to his sister Fredegonde, told her that they were to find a new living place in the sunny south. When Clovis came home after the council, the look of gloom had passed from his face. The blaze of the warrior's wrath slumbered in his blue eye as he gave his marching orders, and every living soul about him hastened to obey them.

Ox-carts, filled with dried grass, were prepared for the women and children, supplies of coarse

food were stored in wagons, and in a few days the hordes of Franks arose everywhere throughout their regions and began in great hosts to stream southward into Gaul.

Meanwhile Gaul, little dreaming of this danger threatening it from the north, struggled to raise the heavy taxes laid upon it by its southern conqueror, Rome. Roman tax-gatherers swarmed through its cities, and day after day one might see sorrowful bands of men, women, and children driven to the market-places to be sold as slaves for the taxes they were too poor to pay.

In the city of Soissons the Romans had been very harsh. Soissons was a beautiful city, filled with churches and palaces. Over it shone the sunny blue sky of the land, and on a day a little after midsummer, the sweet air and sunshine had been so delightful that in the palace gardens of the Roman governor, little Marcus and Lutetia, two children of the household, had played all day long out of doors, with the blue doves and plashing fountains. Twilight was now falling, and a long, feathery cloud of rose color stretched down the sky from the north. Lutetia had her eyes upon it, but she was not looking at it. She clutched Marcus tightly, and both children listened with bated breath to the shouts and cries which reached their ears from the city without.

"Marcus, listen! It is true," wailed little Lutetia, "the Franks have not only come into Gaul, but they have taken Soissons!"

"Taken Soissons," answered Marcus; "yes, and taken our governor, and are coming here to take his palace, without a blow for defense having been struck!"

"And we call ourselves Romans!" cried Lutetia.

"Yes, we call ourselves Romans," laughed Marcus, scornfully; "but that is just what we are not! Our blood is of Gaul. Our ancestors were once as wild and free as these barbarians who are now trooping down upon us. Would we had stayed so! Then we would have met them blow for blow! Now see to what good Gallic blood is come! We would rather yield ourselves up to these Franks, than fight to save Soissons for the Emperor of Rome. We know how Rome would reward us. She would only send more tax-gatherers to wring money from empty purses; she would sell us the more gladly for slaves! Let Clovis come! He is better than the Cæsars! Hark, Lutetia!"

At the garden gate arose a confused noise and murmur. The gate burst open, and into the garden rushed a strange and motley group. A guard of Roman soldiers fully armed entered first, followed by the governor of Soissons and members of his

household, in rich Roman dress. Towering head and shoulders over them, back of these, strode Clovis. Bare of head, with bared arms and legs, grasping his short sword and round wooden shield, he swung forward with strides like those of a giant. His face was flushed with victory. His blue eyes flashed from one token of wealth to another with greedy glances. Back of him, shrinking and timid, but walking still with the proud step which became a queen, came Clothilde, his newly made wife, followed by Hildebrand and Fredegonde. A rabble of Frankish warriors brought up the rear.

Lutetia, with a child's instinct, ran to Queen Clothilde. Marcus sprang to his father, who was one of the nobles in the train of the Roman governor. The soldiers led the procession to the doors of the chapel. The chapel of the governor of Soissons was in reality a great church. Back of it lay the dwellings of a sisterhood, and to them the governor now ordered Lutetia to conduct Queen Clothilde and little Fredegonde. Clovis pushed open the church door and peered into the dark church. At the end of the long aisle a swinging lamp glimmered like a faint star. In some way its restful silence assured him of the queen's safety, for he let her go, and went on up to the palace.

The queen, unattended now save by the two

little maidens, walked with a reverent step toward the altar with its still, gleaming light. For the first time since Clovis, bursting into her father's country, had laid it waste and then forced her father to give her to him in marriage, Clothilde felt safe. She and Lutetia having veiled their own dark locks, the queen covered the golden tresses of little Fredegonde. As they passed the high altar both the queen and Lutetia reverently bowed the knee, but Fredegonde raised wondering, startled eyes to the figure of the Christ upon his cross enthroned there. At a smaller altar twinkling with candles, she stopped again to lift a curious glance. Here stood a small statue representing the figure of a woman with a mild, kindly face, holding a child in her arms.

At length they reached a side door, and hurrying up a long hallway, came to a simple little room where a woman in long robes sat sewing. Lutetia called her Mother Geneveva, and wondered to see the queen fall sobbing into her arms.

From this day great changes took place in the palace and in Soissons. The Gauls quickly found out that one conqueror is as evil as another. Clovis proclaimed himself king of middle Gaul, and tried to rule his kingdom as the Romans did; but he and his warriors only became more and more absurd. The queen lived in the cloisters with the nuns and

the women of the Roman household. Clovis, with his wild soldiery, made the beautiful palace a wild and terrible place.

All this while, the priests pleaded with King Clovis, and the gentle-hearted queen besought him to become a Christian. In his heart Clovis feared the great dark churches and the quiet, soft-spoken priests; and he had small use for the pity and mercy and repentance which were preached to him. His own gods, Odin and Thor, were very much more to his mind; but he was a keen, shrewd man. He saw that this Christianity was a power in the land which he had conquered. He made up his mind to take this power into his own hands. One day before going out to a battle, he called Queen Clothilde to him, and bade her pray that he might win the day, which she promised faithfully to do. That day he won a great victory.

Pleased with a faith so useful to his own purposes, the king called his nobles and churchmen together, and not only announced that he himself would become a Christian, but that all his warriors must as well. They set aside one whole day for the baptisms, and the heathen Franks of sunrise were Christian Franks at sunset, while every church bell in the land rang peals of joy.

Clovis, now fancying himself a Christian, looked about to see how he might use this new power to

From the painting by Blanc.

THE BAPTISM OF CLOVIS.

his own advantage. He and his hordes were Salic Franks. He knew that the Ripuarian Franks, a gentler tribe than his own wild warriors, had conquered southern Gaul, and adopted its religion. He heard the priests say that the religion of southern Gaul was not the true sort which he himself had adopted. Clovis thought it over. Northern Gaul had been too easily conquered. He longed for a battle with good stout Franks; he longed for more lands, more power. He and his chieftains had long talks, and roared wild war songs to Odin and Thor.

Then he called together his Gallic nobles and churchmen, and loving their religion not at all, and themselves less, he said craftily: "It is time southern Gaul learned to bow to our religion. I shall go and conquer it." He was as good as his word. He not only conquered southern Gaul, but every other province in Gaul, and took them away from Rome. Then he placed his throne in the city of Paris, and changed the name of the land from Gaul to the Kingdom of the Franks, or France, as it was thereafter called. Clovis made France a country, and was its first king.

It was that conquering hand of Clovis, a strong man in a time of great weakness, which laid the foundations for the greatness of France.

THE DWARF OF ATTILA THE HUN.

TO the westward of Constantinople lies a great plain, well watered by a broad stream. Here the grass grows thickly and plentifully, and to this day it is noted for its fine pasturage. On a day long ago, shepherds tending their flocks upon this grassy plain saw suddenly a crowd of horsemen crossing it. They came from the west, and so thick and so fast that they seemed a dark cloud rising upon the blue horizon, and spreading over the land. The shepherds in fear drove their flocks toward the foothills, and wringing their hands, called aloud to each other, "Fly, fly, it is Attila! It is Attila and the Huns!" Only Demos, watching his flock in a quiet place sheltered by bushes, never stirred, as the horsemen whirled nearer and nearer, and the flocks fled bleating in every direction.

Demos, a tall lad of fifteen, in rough shepherd's clothes, watched his sheep with a careful eye, yet let it sometimes wander to a certain little hillock near which he was sitting. Sticking in the sand of this little hillock, was a short-bladed, rusty

dagger. Early that morning Demos, leading his sheep to this fresh pasture spot, had seen with awe the dagger sticking in the hillock. "The war god has come," he murmured softly under his breath. "The war god has left his dagger for a sign, and I have been led here to fulfill it!"

It was, therefore, with eyes flashing with excitement that he saw the leader of the flying horsemen suddenly halt in the midst of the plain, and in a short space of time the grass-green meadows were dotted with a wilderness of tents, while crowds of thirsty, weary horses crowded to the riverside to drink. Beyond the river, hidden by his bushes, Demos watched. In the midst of this sudden upspringing of black roofed tents, which lay spread like a pall over the sunny plain, one stood in the center higher and larger than all the rest, whose texture was cloth of gold. Rich fringes drooped from its edges, and Demos knew it as the canopy of a great eastern emperor.

"I saw it spread above the head of the Emperor Theodosius, when I was attending a procession in Constantinople," thought the lad. "Has Attila stolen it, or received it as a gift?"

Presently troops of Huns came down to the riverside for water. Their gigantic figures and hideous faces terrified even brave little Demos. Who might escape from the fury of these horri-

ble savages? He drew nearer his mystic dagger, and calling softly to his sheep, crouched down very still. Now the twilight began to cast its peaceful stillness over the plain, and in the west a silver star shone clearly. And then, while Demos watched, the dagger loosened mysteriously from the soft sand, slipped downward, and gently fell against his right hand.

"The sign!" he whispered, picking it up in fear. "Behold, I must take this dagger to the chieftain Attila!"

Quickly he ate his simple supper of dates, and led his flock of sheep to the fold. Binding his holiday sash about his waist, he picked up the dagger, and swiftly threading the little sheep paths, he ran down to a shallow place in the river, and picked his way across to the opposite plain. As he wound his way in among the tents, coarse shouts, hideous laughter, and low cries met his ear. Grasping his dagger closer, he hurried forward.

At length he reached the great tent of Attila, the chief. The sides were hung with curious striped draperies stiff with gold thread, plundered, no doubt, from Persia. Above the entrance-way there swung a lamp beautifully jeweled, and giving forth a dim yellowish light, while it shed abroad at the same time a heavy rich perfume.

Standing directly beneath this lamp a figure met

"A Strange Figure met Demos's Glance."

Demos's glance, so strange and horrible that the lad had all he could do to suppress a cry of horror, believing as he did that he looked upon some imp straight from the infernal regions. The creature was very small, with a twisted, misshapen body and enormous flat feet. His head was as large as his body was small, and his features were very ugly. Only the eyes, keen, clear, and gray, with their direct, straightforward glance, gave him a claim to be considered human. These eyes, wonderful in their intelligence, were now intently fixed upon Demos.

The dwarf wore a robe of heavily embroidered silk, covered with rows of silver bells which tinkled at his every movement with a charming musical chime. This tinkling sound was very soft, and not at all disturbing. Demos, trying to find a word to say, stared hard at this little figure and continued to clutch his rusty dagger. The dwarf, perceiving his fright, stepped forward, and making a low bow said, "You wish to see my master, Attila?"

"Yes," answered Demos, softly. "I bring a sign to Attila."

"From the Emperor Theodosius of Constantinople?" asked the dwarf, drawing back a step.

"From no living being," returned Demos. "The war god hath left his sign for Attila, in my poor sheep pasture."

The dwarf sprang at him with a sudden melodious chime of all his silver bells, crying, "Is it the sacred sign of the dagger? Has the dagger been sent to Attila?" For answer, Demos held it forth. Without a word the dwarf disappeared.

In a very few minutes he returned, motioning to Demos to accompany him. Demos now passed under the doorway of the chieftain's huge tent and followed the dwarf over soft carpets and between silken hangings, all lit by the soft glow from jeweled lamps, into an apartment where all this luxury suddenly disappeared. Upon a pile of freshly cut grass, surrounded by weapons, and the trappings and saddles of horses, his war gear flung aside, and his powerful body clad only in shirt and trousers of coarse linen, sat Attila. When he bent his ferocious glance upon Demos, his eye struck even more terror to the lad than the dwarf's ugliness had done.

But though he looked at Demos, he spoke to the dwarf: "So, Jovan, my little Jovan, it is you who bring to me the messenger of the gods. It is fitting this should be, little Chime, for of all living creatures, which are as vermin upon the earth, Attila loves only thee." With a movement of his great arm, he tossed Jovan up to his right shoulder, where he sat looking like some curious misshapen doll.

The voice with which Attila addressed Jovan was so gentle and tender that Demos lost his shuddering fear; and when Attila turned to him and said, "What brings you to me?" he answered fearlessly, "This dagger. I am a shepherd of these plains. Beyond the river I feed my flocks. Yesterday, seeking fresh pasture, I found a spot where the grass grew thick; and leading my sheep there early this morning I saw upon the very hillock, where yesterday I observed nothing, this rusty dagger, sticking in the sand. You know, great chief, what is the sign of this dagger. He to whom it is sent is the warrior of the gods. Naught can defeat or conquer him. I, a peaceful shepherd lad, have nothing to do with signs of war. To you it is given thus to conquer;" and Demos laid the dagger in Attila's outstretched hand. The chief's hand closed on it, and as he looked up, Demos beheld such a fierce light in his eyes that he cowered and trembled. "Fear not," said Attila, noting his fright; "but thy sheep-watching days are over. Thou remainest with me."

"Attila, Scourge of God!" cried Jovan.

"Scourge of God," echoed Attila, shaking the dagger aloft. "I, and I alone will rule the Huns, and in our might we will sweep Europe! Fear, tremble, ye silk-skinned children of the west!

Attila will destroy you as the locusts destroy the grass! Aye, where Attila has trod, all grass shall wither and die! I am the Scourge of God! Attila the Hun."

Jovan climbed down from his shoulder and ran to Demos. "Never fear him, Demos," he cried; "thee and me Attila will never injure. Come, let us put a fitting dress upon thee."

"But my sheep!" cried Demos; "I cannot leave my sheep. Let me deliver them to my master."

"Nay," cried the chief, "not so far as that wilt thou go again from Attila. The gods gave thee to me with the dagger. I will send servants to scatter thy sheep. Abide, boy, in the tent, and have no care. Attila trusts thee."

Jovan led Demos to a part of the tent filled with carved cedar chests, and from these he drew forth a robe of dull green silk which he flung upon Demos. About his neck he wound strings of emeralds, and upon his head placed a snowy turban, caught with an emerald of costliest value. "Demos," he said gravely, "little dost thou know of a court or courtly ways; but I, Jovan, know both the ways of a court and the thoughts of people. I saw to the bottom of thy heart as thou stoodest in the tent door. It is as crystal, clear as the emerald in thy turban. Henceforward, watch the eye of Jovan, learn to know its every glance, and act quickly."

He spread a mat for Demos beside his own, and in spite of his great change of fortune the shepherd lad slept soundly. Next morning Demos was left at the tent door, while Attila, with Jovan upon his shoulder, rode out into the camp. Toward noon Demos spied a strange company of men and riders coming up to the tent door. As doorkeeper he arose, alert and watchful. These dark-skinned strangers wore curious white garments, and rode pure white, highly bred horses.

They said they wished to speak with Attila the Hun. They came from Gaiseric the Vandal, ruler of Africa, and their business was pressing. Demos summoned Edecon, chief counselor to Attila; and Edecon, richly dressed in silks, led the visitors to a rich apartment. When Attila returned, he led both Jovan and Demos into the apartment where the visitors sat, and kept them at his side. Demos learned that Gaiseric the Vandal sent an invitation to Attila the Hun to come with his hordes and invade Europe, thus to punish Ætius, Emperor of the West. While Attila hesitated, with a little chime of soft bells Jovan moved suddenly. The eyes of the dwarf and the chieftain met.

"Tell Gaiseric I send him my friendship," said Attila. "Later, if the dagger points to Europe, he shall see me," and with this unsatisfactory

message the African messengers were forced to be content.

Late that evening Jovan suddenly summoned Demos, and bade him put on once more his shepherd's apparel. They mounted two fleet Tartar horses and rode straight onward to the gates of Constantinople. Then for a day and a night they hid in the outskirts of the city; but at sunrise the following morning Jovan brought out the skin of a sheep and wrapped himself in it so well, that Demos, staring down at him, could have sworn it was only a dead sheep lying upon the ground. "Fling me over your shoulder," directed Jovan, "and go toward the great church, past the gardens, as if to lay your gift upon the altar. Keep the sheep's head over your shoulder. When we reach the palace, go to the kitchens and offer to sell your sheep. They will ask you how long it has been killed, and you will say it has been dead three days. They will then drive you forth, and as you go, say to the porter of the palace that you have lost your way, and ask him to direct you to the gate through which the soldiers passed."

Demos, wondering, did all this. Carrying his strange sheep carefully, he was not a little entertained with the sights and sounds of brilliant Constantinople. Once safely through the gate, Jovan

flung off the sheep's skin, and mounting their swift horses, dwarf and lad were soon in Attila's presence again. Then to his surprise, Demos heard Jovan say to Attila, "Master, I have learned that Theodosius, Emperor of the East, has sent a large army to Africa against Gaiseric the Vandal. At sunset they will have gone a day's journey." Shortly after, Edecon the minister rode away to Constantinople, while the Huns, striking camp, moved rapidly northward in battle array, putting to fire and sword town after town; and the ravages were terrible. But wherever Attila went, there went that silken tent; and within it, taking no part in the battles, lived Demos and the dwarf Jovan.

At length, when seventy towns had been destroyed, Edecon, appearing for Attila before the Emperor Theodosius, demanded that he recall the troops which he had sent to Africa against Gaiseric, and the emperor, hating and fearing Attila, was forced to submit.

Attila at length called a halt to his ravages and pitched his camp once more in a deep valley, surrounded with dark and frowning mountains. Such a country Demos had never seen as met his eyes upon a clear and sunlit morning, when he and Jovan went out into the palace garden. Attila had seized, for the time, one of the summer palaces of Theodosius, built of teak-wood and bamboo,

where the greatest splendor of furniture was mixed with all the barbarism of a savage camp life.

Demos, glad to escape the clash and din of the soldiery, walked quietly along the neglected garden paths, looking down upon the quaint, waddling figure of Jovan, tinkling his silver bells. Jovan appeared to be uneasy. "Edecon has not returned from the court of Theodosius," he burst forth at length; "he should have come to-day. At sunrise he was due. Believe me, Demos, Theodosius meditates treachery. We must watch if Edecon returns not at noon."

Noon came, but no Edecon. Then Jovan, seeking out Attila, found him sleeping upon the bare floor of his apartment, surrounded by the greatest disorder. Jovan's keen eyes flashed over him. Plunging into a pile of cushions near by, he curled himself up among them so that he appeared to be one of them; and Demos, wrapping his own stalwart form in a length of silk curtain which lay near by, flung himself down not far from Attila. Thus an hour passed away. Attila, having slept little for many days and nights, slumbered heavily.

At length a servant of the household, coming to the doorway to announce a visitor, halted, perceiving the sleeping chief, and motioning silently, drew the tapestry aside to admit the chief's minister, Edecon. For a moment Edecon paused upon

the threshold, seeing Attila asleep, and then thrusting his hand to his side glided softly across the floor.

By this time the watchful Demos was suspicious. The figure was Edecon's surely, but that long gliding walk was not that of the prime minister. Demos sprang up and flung off the curtain. As Edecon stooped over the sleeping chief, Demos caught the swift flash of a dagger and heard a shrill scream, and the chime of Jovan's silver bells. Instantly Attila sprang up, and Demos saw him catch Edecon at the throat, while Jovan clung to the hand holding the dagger, biting it fiercely with his teeth. Demos struck a gong for the guard, and Edecon was surrounded. Then the robes were stripped from him and there stood revealed an assassin, a Roman soldier of Theodosius.

The savage Huns would have slain the man then and there, but Attila, with a curious smile, protected him. "Nay," he said, "let him find my minister before sunset, or I will light his body to be the torch of the search." In a few hours' time the real Edecon arrived at the palace. While returning to Attila he had been overpowered by the soldiers of the emperor, who had been sent to escort him back to his master, and had been bound and stripped and hidden in a cave. Then Attila took the false Edecon, dressed him again as his minister, and next morning when certain ambassa-

dors from the emperor arrived at the palace, hoping to hear of Attila's death, Attila himself delivered this false Edecon over to them, saying with the greatest scorn in his voice, "Tell Theodosius, your master, that thus the king, Attila, pardons the treachery of his slave, Theodosius."

For a number of months Attila and his hosts lay quietly in the mountain passes, the great chief plotting and planning to take Constantinople. Meanwhile Jovan delighted to teach and train Demos in all the arts of soldiery, which he, tiny as he was, understood well; and in a short time the ignorant shepherd lad rode among the wildest Huns, and grew so strong and sinewy that he could swing his valiant little teacher and trainer upon his hand and balance him there as lightly as a feather.

The Emperor Theodosius died and was succeeded by Marcian, who fortified Constantinople so strongly against Attila that the great chief felt it useless to attempt to take it, and turned his thoughts upon Gaiseric's invitation to invade western Europe. Here Ætius, Emperor of the West, held sway. On the day when Attila sounded his battle-cry, and pushed forward through the dark northern forests to descend into Gaul, Jovan leapt to his shoulder in joy, and Demos rode with the fighting men.

The terrible spirit of conquest possessed Attila; he became indeed the scourge of God. Across the Rhine and down into Gaul he swept, utterly destroying everything he touched, and striking awful terror into all the people of Europe. At last he lay before Châlons, and surrounded it with his vast army. Within the city the people were weeping and praying for help; and just as Attila, flushed with success, sallied out to crush the city, up came the Emperor Ætius, with all Europe at his back.

Then was fought a terrible battle. The great Hun with Demos at his side and his hordes behind him, charged in vain, and Jovan at nightfall, sitting in the tent door listening to the roar of the onslaught, tinkled uneasily his little silver bells. At length he caught sight of Demos riding madly toward him, leading a band of Huns in retreat. Jovan could not believe it. Attila overcome! Attila conquered! But it was so! Jovan uttered several swift commands. Instantly the conquered Huns, dismounting, snatched their saddles from their horses and built up rapidly a great pile, upon the top of which, mad with grief, danced Jovan. At its foot, stern and silent, stood Demos with a lighted torch.

At last, the day lost, into the camp dashed Attila, while close to the rear of his guard, Gaul, Frank,

Goth, and Roman gave chase. Seeing the great pile, with Jovan upon it beckoning him, he climbed to its top and swung the little dwarf to his shoulder, where Jovan's two arms crept about his chief's neck, and Jovan lay suddenly calm and still.

Here stood Attila, surrounded by his Huns on this strange funeral pile, with Demos ready to apply the torch, rather than let the Europeans take his master prisoner.

And the armies halted at that strange sight. They dared pursue the Huns no farther, and so they let Attila retreat unharmed into Germany.

A year later, in his own royal village on the Danube, Attila the Hun lay dead, and curled at his feet, the little bells silenced forever, was Jovan, with the rusty dagger which had been found by Demos, plunged by his own hand into his heart.

THE SAGA OF THE LAND OF GRAPES.

ICELAND was discovered by Naddod, the viking. To it there came one day, in a scuta or long boat, old Thorwald of Norway and his son, Erik the Red, so called because he had red hair, and they settled in Iceland. Thorwald had one day killed a man in Norway, in a fit of temper, and had been forced to leave Norway forever.

Erik the Red had his father's fiery temper. He married Thorhild and went to live in southern Iceland. There he had two neighbors, Thorgest and Herjulf.

To Erik was born a son called Leif, who was of about the same age as Bjarni, the son of Herjulf. The boys hunted and fished together, but Bjarni loved trading much better than wild sea roving.

Everything went peacefully. Bjarni built a boat and went over the sea to Denmark, trading.

Leif once went sailing over the sea with the sea rovers to northern England.

One day Thorgest borrowed the seat logs of a boat belonging to Erik the Red. Erik sent for them, but Thorgest refused to return them.

Then up flashed Erik's wild temper, and in a quarrel with Thorgest he killed him. As a punishment he must now leave Iceland, as his father had been driven from Norway.

Getting his boats and family together, he set out during the last of the winter, and turning the prows of the boats westward, where never land had been found, sullenly sailed away. Herjulf, his friend, watched him go. "If thou diest not in wild water, return to tell me!" he cried.

Erik sailed and sailed. The winter passed and the spring came on. One day at the mouth of a bay of blue water he sighted an island. Its slopes were grassy green. Naming it Erik's Island, the old viking went ashore with his family and built a home there.

Then he sent for Herjulf of Iceland to come to Greenland and live there. Herjulf packed his goods and brought all his family. Meanwhile Erik had left the island, and laid out a farm or boer farther up the bay. He named the boer Brattahlid.

Herjulf, landing on Erik's Island, himself built a boer on a point of land west of it, which he named Herjulfsnes.

Bjarni came back to Iceland with his trading ship and found that his father had gone away. Then he steered for Greenland. At first he missed it,

but sighted an unknown shore still farther westward. Returning, he found Greenland, and told Leif of this unknown land. Leif's blood leapt. He begged Erik to set forth and find it. Erik, now too old, dared not make another venture, but he bought Bjarni's boat for Leif. Bjarni willingly sold it and stayed at Herjulfsnes and started a trading center there. Leif sailed bravely away into the west. Many months had passed, but he did not return. Spring came, but still no Leif. People had begun to wonder if the brave sailor had sailed his last voyage.

A day late in the spring was nearing its close. It was the time of the year for the bleaching of the linen. The blue waters of Erik's Bay glistened in the sunshine. In Brattahlid, far up the bay, they had held a merry-making. The grass of the tun, as the bleaching place was called, was green in the boer, and the women of the house of Herjulf had come up that day, from the boer on the lower shore of the bay, to help with the linen-bleaching at Brattahlid. It was mid afternoon now, and with merry laughter the people of Brattahlid were all going down to the shore together to watch the departure of their visitors and helpers in the boats.

In the bow of one of the boats stood Bjarni leaning on an oar. The spring air was bright with tiny,

flitting butterflies, and as one passed him, he struck idly at it with his oar blade. Immediately a saucy voice from the crowd called to him, "Ho, yo! Bjarni plays with butterflies while Leif sails to find fresh lands!"

"'Tis that little witch thing, Gudrid," muttered Bjarni, sulkily, as he searched the crowd over for the teasing voice. It was Gudrid indeed, granddaughter of Erik the Red, in her kirtle of blue and belt of silver, with her locks of shining gold falling below her waist. But he could not see her, for she was hiding behind brawny Thorfinn, a lad of fifteen, who hid her well. Thorfinn was the son of the skald, or singer, of Herjulf. He had a sad, strong face. Thorfinn smiled but seldom, yet when he did smile it was as when the sun breaks suddenly through a cloud on a stormy day.

The women began clambering into the boats. "Why are you left with us?" suddenly asked little Gudrid, slipping her hand into Thorfinn's. "Because my father, Herjulf's skald, is ill, and I am to sing sagas to your grandfather, Erik the Red, in his place, and listen when he talks, that my father may make a saga of his deeds."

"Some day you will be a skald," said little Gudrid, admiringly, as she looked up into Thorfinn's face.

"I would rather be a chief and a sea rover,"

returned Thorfinn, looking down the bay toward Erik's Island, which lay like a line of blue mist at its mouth. "When I hear the sagas, my heart burns to own a ship and sail the wild seas, and see new lands; but I am a thrall, the son of a thrall," and the boy's great blue eyes flashed.

"To be a skald is a gift of the gods," said Gudrid.

"Hafgerding, my father, was a free skald in our Hebrides," continued Thorfinn, bitterly. "But Herjulf, friend of Erik the Red, captured him and made him his slave. He is treated with honor because he is a skald; but it is hard for free blood to bend to slavery."

Little ten-year-old Gudrid did not fall into his bitter mood. She watched Bjarni's boats leaping over the blue waters. "Bjarni has the merchant's soul," she said, curling her pretty lips. "He loves his trading wharves in Norway better than the finding of new wild lands like Leif. Day by day grandfather sits over the fire and talks of Leif. For all that he is so old, grandfather would have gone with Leif to find the new wild lands had he not stumbled and fallen, and so taken that as a warning of the gods to stay at home."

Thorfinn was watching Bjarni, too. "You're right, he has a merchant's soul," he said. "When Herjulf lived in Iceland, before he came here to

live with his friend Erik the Red in Greenland, Bjarni came trading every winter from Norway. And then when he found one winter that his father had moved to Greenland, he thought only of reaching this place with his loaded boat, and selling his wares. He passed by Greenland and found a new strange shore — but think you he would land! Nay, he must find Greenland only, and trade off his shipload."

"Uncle Leif neither ate nor slept after he heard of the new land," cried Gudrid.

"Leif Eriksson is a hero," said the boy. "I stood on the cape and saw him disappear into the west. Thirty-five free rovers pulled his oars. Oh, if I were but free and a viking!"

"Oh, if I were but free and a viking!" echoed little Gudrid. "I hate the loom and the linen! I'd rather be in a boat all day long than weaving, weaving, weaving and spinning, spinning, spinning! I am a slave too, Thorfinn," she cried roguishly, swinging herself by his great arm. "You skalds sing the deeds of heroes, and we women weave them into tapestries. As for me, I have the soul of a berserker, and would like to die in battle and ride in the arms of a Valkyr upon a white horse to Valhalla!" She began dancing a wild berserker dance, her golden hair flying in the wind. As Thorfinn watched her, a slow smile broke over

his face. "You'll ride a flying horse yet, maybe," he said, "but it won't be a Valkyr's."

The blue waters were turning gray. A chill wind was creeping in from the east.

"I think I'd like the fire," said Gudrid. They left the shore together, climbing the long steep hill that led to the boer. When they came to the large gateway of the high fence which surrounded it, Thorfinn's face darkened again. His eyes swept the buildings in the great square.

There was the hall for the daily living, the huge hall for the entertainment of guests, the sleeping house, and near it the women's house. In the midst lay the tun, a large square of green grass, now rich with the first sap of spring, and upon it lay the bleaching webs of linen.

Wild little Gudrid frowned upon the linen. "To-morrow, if the sun shines, it means that I must dance all day long with a watering-pot about that linen," she cried.

"In the Hebrides," said Thorfinn, "my jarl's drinking hall was larger than this."

"And in Norway," retorted little Gudrid, "my grandfather's drinking hall was ten times larger than this. What matters that? He did not discover Norway, but he did discover this Greenland."

The boer was a busy place. The cattle in their

sheds were lowing as they were milked. Into the drinking hall thralls were hurrying to and fro, filling the mead vats from the great vat. Bondmaids ran up and down the long outside flights of stairs and galleries, carrying the bowls of curds for supper. Gudrid slipped off to the women's house; but Thorfinn slowly entered Erik's hall and passed behind the tables and the benches with their high seats, to the great open space at the farther end, where before the fire of huge blazing logs, under the ceiling of carved and blackened rafters, sat Erik the Red.

The great viking was an old man now. His hair and beard, once fiery red, were grown white. His tough and knotted limbs lounged quietly in the chair. Only his piercing eyes still showed the rough and warlike temper that had made him more feared than loved.

"Bring the harp," he cried, spying Thorfinn, "and sing me your father's saga of my flight from Norway, where my father Thorwald was an outlaw because he slew a man. Sing of Thorwald's flight over the rough seas, where the foam hissed day by day under the flying prow, as we sped to Iceland. Sing of Iceland and my own anger, when my loan, the loan of the seat logs of my boat, was not returned to me; and how I, too, Erik the Red, slew a man, and was outlawed. Then in my

boat I fled to the west and discovered this land, this Greenland. And now my son, my son Leif, is away in the west. Sing of that unknown land which he shall find, and where" — he raised a prophetic hand — "the sons of the blood of vikings shall rule and reign forever."

His roaring voice, toned in the gales over sea waves, woke a slumbering fire in Thorfinn. He flung his arms around the towering harp and struck some thundering chords. Then his fingers leaped over the strings, weaving a melody as of the dancing of the waves, and he sang to Erik. He sang all the sagas, from that of Thorwald in Norway to that of Leif returning with the spring from his first adventure, and as the household assembled for supper, still Thorfinn sang. After supper, Gudrid, sitting in a chimney nook, listened and drank in Thorfinn's singing.

"Such a skald should be a freeman, not a thrall," she whispered in Erik's ear.

The next day was cold and stormy. A white mist crept up and down the bay. The linen on the tun was damp enough from the moist breath of the mist. In the drinking hall the looms were brought out, the spinning wheels put before the fire, and at her loom sat Gudrid weaving. Without, the wind shrieked and wailed. It roared its sagas into her listening ears. The women's gossip

passed her unheeded. By and by Thorfinn rushed through the hall in his fur sea coat, with the oars over his shoulder.

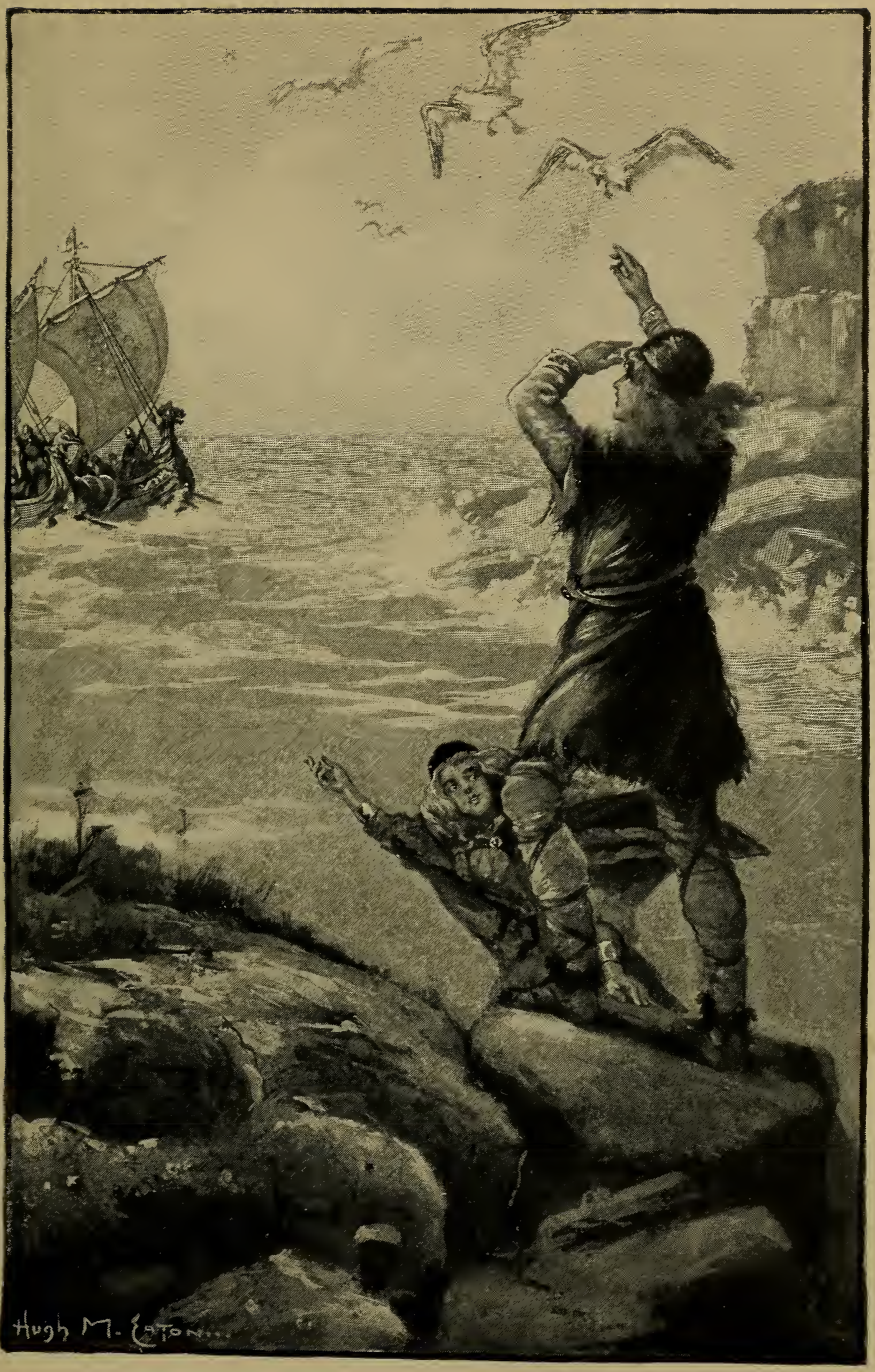
Gudrid dropped her shuttle and seized her own sea cloak. She pulled a cap of velvet over her ears, and leaping and bounding, chased Thorfinn to the shore where he was pushing off his long boat.

With a dash and a spring she had leaped into it. Thorfinn laughed. "What will your mother say?" he asked.

"She'll say the Norns sing of my terrible fate," said Gudrid. "Let the Norns sing, then. Where are you going, Thorfinn?"

"To Erik's Island, where your grandfather lived when he first explored this bay, that I may see a spot he tells of."

Down the bay sped the boat, and Thorfinn sang as he steered, while Gudrid sat silent, watching the dark rolling waves all about her, her cheeks growing a deeper and deeper red in the salt spray. Rounding the point of the island, they came upon the settlement of Herjulf, lying behind its high guarding fence. Below it, the tall headland of the cape jutted into the sea, and beyond that lay the wide ocean. A ray of golden sunlight from parting clouds struck the gray waters. The mists were lifting. Thorfinn moored his boat below the headland, and the two children roamed the desolate



"'A Boat! Two Boats! They are coming Here.'"

shore. Gudrid whirled her arms and screamed up at the gulls, and they screamed downward at her.

Suddenly over the waters came another sound, a low hoarse shout. Thorfinn leapt upon a rock and strained his eyes into the west. "A boat!" he cried, "and 'tis not Bjarni's! Bjarni's is moored in the inlet. A boat! Two boats! They are coming here. 'Tis Leif! I know by the prow, 'tis Leif! I know the scuta he bought from Bjarni!"

"Leif!" cried Gudrid, now wild with excitement; "Uncle Leif come home! Oh, what shall we do, Thorfinn? What shall we do?"

"Take the boat," said Thorfinn, "and go to Brattahlid. Carry the news to your grandfather, that Leif is returned. I stay here."

Gudrid fled. She loosed the boat, and all alone, sailed up the bay till she came to Brattahlid. The wind was against her, and it was late when she ran in to land. Thralls were setting wheels and looms aside, and Erik the Red stood in the drinking hall looking down into the fire, as Gudrid came flying in. "Grandfather," she cried, "Leif is returned! Leif is come back!"

Erik turned to her. "How know you?" he shouted. "Thorfinn knew the boat," declared Gudrid. Then the old viking called right and left

to sons and thralls, and all ran to the boats on the shore.

Thorhild, the stately grandmother, and Freydis her daughter, who was Gudrid's mother, now began great preparations. Gudrid herself, quite changed into a housewife, fell to the work with a will. Carved chests were opened, and banners and beautiful stuffs were hung about the great guest hall. The cushions from the high seats were beaten and placed opposite each other down the centre of the long hall. Great drinking horns bound in silver and gold were put upon the tables. The fresh fires of the guest hall sparkled and roared. Huge vats at the ends of the tables brimmed with ale and mead. Gudrid loaded trenchers with bread. Large bowls of white curds stood upon the tables, and then Gudrid herself ran and put on a scarlet dress, bound her golden locks with a silver fillet, covered her arms with bracelets, and so waited to receive her uncle, the hero, Leif Eriksson.

That was a great evening at Brattahlid. All the household went down to the shore to see the ships come up, which they did in the evening. First came Leif's vessel followed by his father's boat. Then came Herjulf's household, and side by side with Herjulf's scuta a strange craft. Gudrid stood on a high bluff overlooking the

water, watching the boats pass by her. She glanced at her Uncle Leif carelessly: after all it was not the first time he had come home from a long voyage. But where was Thorfinn? She did not see him until with a bound he leaped ashore after old Tyrker, her uncle's foster father.

Gudrid was glad to see Tyrker. "Now I shall have stories," she thought. Then while the great crowd surged to and fro with shouts and merriment upon the shore, she watched the thralls running up to the house and bringing great empty mead vats down to the shore. From Leif's ship they began to lift loose bunches of strange-looking, reddish-green fruit to the vats, and carry them up to the hall of feasting. It was brilliant with log and peat fires, which roared from the great hearths, and with torches flaring upon the walls. By Leif's seat, which was the high seat opposite his father's, stood the harp of the skald, ready for the saga. Gudrid ran to a vat and caught up a bunch of the strange fruit, clinging yet to its vine. Her eyes widened in wonder, for she had never in her life before seen grapes.

While she examined the cluster in open admiration, Thorfinn entered the hall. Seeing the little figure in scarlet, he ran to her. He was in gala dress also, and looked very noble and handsome in his fur-trimmed coat of dark blue, with his

golden locks far down upon his shoulders. "Gudrid," he cried, "I am to sing the hero's saga to-night! My father is too ill. I shall stand at Leif's right hand and sing of his deeds."

"Oh," gasped Gudrid, "you a skald, Thorfinn! But how did you learn of Leif's deeds?"

"Tyrker told me," said Thorfinn; "and I can see it all as though I had been there. They discovered a new great land, Gudrid, and named it Vinland, because there grows this strange vine bearing sweet fruit."

Afterward it was a sight to see the vikings come into the drinking hall, roaring their sea song of conquest. Erik the Red took the high seat of honor facing the east. Opposite him sat his son Leif in the chair of the honored guest, facing the west. Beside Leif sat Bjarni, and beside Erik the Red sat Herjulf, his old friend, and Bjarni's father.

When the tables were all filled, each man lifted his horn of mead, and raising a mighty shout of "Skoal, to Vinland! Skoal!" drank it off in a draught to Leif's honor. Gudrid, down at the end of the table with the women, where she could hear and see all, had admiring eyes for her fair-haired uncle with his sea-tanned cheeks and flowing mustaches; but, though he towered up there like a sea-god, tossing off his mead and laughing with joy at

his home-coming, she had thoughts chiefly for Thorfinn.

Thorfinn stood leaning upon his harp, pale and quiet. He was that night to sing his first saga as a skald.

When hunger had been satisfied, and the mead was flowing freely, up spoke old Erik the Red. "Come, lad," he cried, "strike the harp. Sing of the deeds of heroes! Sing of Erik the Red and Leif Eriksson."

A moment's pause followed, a silence as when the wind is lulled during a great storm. Thorfinn struck the harp-strings, and a deep chord floated and vibrated through the room. Then, in a voice as sweet as the south wind when it wooes the shores of Greenland to its brief summer, he began his saga. He sang of the beauty of the ship, of the bravery of its rovers, and of the high dauntless courage of Leif; then he sang of the life and the magic of the sea. He sang of the storm and the roaring gale, till through the crashes of his harmonies upon the harp one lived it all again.

And then he described a new, strange shore, with low-lying woods, sands as white as snow, and rivers of clear, limpid water flowing out to the ocean. All over the land grew great wild vines, bearing sweet, luscious fruit; and the leaves of

the trees, when the frost touched them, turned to the crimson of hero's blood, and the gold of a bridal crown. He sang of Tyrker's disappearance from Leif's rude hut, and his return, bearing the grapevines over his shoulders. He sang of the islands discovered, and the new glaciers they had found.

Then he described the return and the search for Greenland, and how at evening they had seen upon a rock men and a ship, with whom they had divided their cargo, and how they had sailed together to Erik's Bay. This was the deed of Leif Eriksson; and then, striking several warlike chords, Thorfinn launched back into the well-known deeds of Erik the Red, and sang again the saga of the discovery of Greenland and the lion courage of the old sea-knight. He wound up with a lay to the friendship of Erik and Herjulf, and the binding into one of the deeds of Leif and Bjarni.

It was a long saga, and while he sang, the mead horns had been silently emptied and filled many a time.

"Well done, lad!" cried old Herjulf, as he dashed the mead drops from his beard and quaffed a long draught to Thorfinn. "Truly, you are a skald like to the old Irish bard your grandfather. Say, what shall be paid you for your saga?"

"Speak," interrupted old Erik, "what will you

have, lad, for that viking's song?" Then Leif handed the boy his own mead horn, saying quietly, "Had you been there, you could have sung no better. Father Tyrker told you rarely well. How shall we pay you?"

Thorfinn spoke up nobly. "My grandsire, the Irish bard, was a free skald. Make a free skald of me. Give me an oar in a boat that goes to Vinland. My father has money to buy my freedom. Let me, too, go out upon the sea."

"Bold, bold!" cried Herjulf, frowning; "next you will want to be a berserker."

"Free shall he be though, Herjulf," roared old Erik the Red; "and you and I will sit together at his freeman's supper. The skald should ever be a free man. Let the lad be a rover if he will."

Then Thorfinn struck the harp and sang of Herjulf's deeds in the Hebrides, and of his father's captivity and noble treatment at the hands of his captor; and Herjulf said, "It is enough. You shall be free."

Next morning Gudrid searched till she found Thorfinn working among the boats with the others. When he saw her, he gave her his rare smile.

"See," she cried, "how one song makes a viking! Now, Thorfinn, listen. When you are

gone with the others to Vinland, I will make a tapestry of you and your harp, singing the saga of the Land of Grapes."

Thorfinn went twice to the Land of Grapes, and the second time when he returned he married little Gudrid, and they sailed away together to their home, in Thorfinn's own scuta.

GODWIN AND KNUT.

KING SVEIN of Denmark was a great warrior and a sea rover. In his own land he ruled with an iron hand, but his nobles and courtiers were very loyal to him, because he not only led them often into battle, but himself wielded the battle-ax fearlessly.

Svein married twice. By his first marriage he had two daughters, one of whom, Astrid, was wedded to the great chief, Ulf Jarl of Norway. Thereafter he followed Svein in all his battles. Later in life, after the death of his first wife, Svein married a second time and had two sons, Knut and Harald.

When Knut was only a baby, King Svein and his warriors went over to Saxon England and conquered it by fire and sword. The Saxon king, Ethelred, with his little son, Edmund, was driven from the English throne, and to keep Ethelred out of his own land Svein and a great horde of Danes were obliged to go to England and settle there. Little Knut, however, was left to grow up in Denmark, in charge of his father's faithful noble, Thorkel the High.

The Danes were scattered over all England. They took from the Saxons both their houses and lands. After a time it was not unusual in the English villages to find Saxon men married to Danish women, and Saxon women to Danish men.

At length King Svein died in England. His nobles prepared their ships and set sail for Denmark, that his body might be buried in his own land. Ethelred the Saxon was already dead.

As soon as the Danish fleet was out of sight Ethelred's wife, Queen Emma, and her son, Edmund, hastened to London, and there, raising the Saxon banner, rallied a Saxon army and took possession of the country.

Knut was ten years old when Svein died. As soon as he reached manhood he announced his intention of living in England himself.

With bluff Ulf Jarl and Thorkel the High the young king and all his fleet set sail for London.

Queen Emma heard of his coming and decided to fly to France. She entered a ship with an escort of smaller vessels, and was sailing down the Thames River as Knut's vessels came sailing up.

He took her ship, compelled her to marry him, and carried her back to London town.

Now the fate of England lay between Saxon Edmund and Danish Knut. All the Saxons rallied

to Edmund's banner, and the Danes hastened to join Knut.

The two armies met in a bloody battle at a place called Skorstein, near the sea. Beyond it lay a thick wood. Both Edmund and Knut proved to be gallant leaders, but the Saxon soldiers showed cowardice, and when they thought the battle was going to Knut they ran for the woods, pursued for miles by wrathful Danes. Beyond the forest lay little villages, half Danish, half Saxon, and wholly ignorant of the struggle at Skorstein. As the night came down, Ulf Jarl, pursuing cowardly Saxons, found himself lost in the heart of this wood. He was miles from Skorstein. Deep unbroken forest lay about him, filled with hostile Saxons. He knew of no way by which he might return to Knut's tents. But stout of heart, the old Danish warrior laid himself down to sleep at the foot of a beech tree, trusting to the morrow to clear away his dangers.

The dawn of an English summer day turned to sunrise. Presently the broad, golden beams of the sun stirred and lifted the heavy mists from the earth, revealing a stretch of low pasture lands lying to westward of the great forest. With the mist rose the larks, soaring high up into the blue sky, singing as they soared. Everywhere upon the broad green pastures roamed the sheep in their

heavy fleeces, for it neared the time of shearing, and herding them, strode a tall lad from flock to flock with his crook in his hand. The pastures were cut in two by a road which lay in a long slant across them, from the corner of the woods far to westward. Along this road the lad was eagerly gazing, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. Turning, he saw his old foster father, Halli, anxiously watching him and shaking his head.

"The sheep might run into the next county, for all of thy tending," he said quietly. "Art thou the son of Geirhild, thy mother, or Ulf Nadr, thy father, this morning, Godwin?"

The boy was very tall, and his foster father short and bent. Godwin turned and looked down upon him. In the English sunlight he seemed every inch the Saxon. His face was fair, and his cheeks like the petals of a blush rose. His long golden hair fell in silken locks upon his shoulders; but his blue eyes had the clear, piercing gaze of a falcon's, and his bare arms and legs, under his rude shepherd's dress, were strong and sinewy. "Halli," he said, "by the blood of my father I am a Saxon; but my heart is pure Danish, for which I am glad this morning. I wish no Saxon blood warmed my veins."

"Hi!" said Halli, and his grey-blue eyes twinkled

in spite of himself, for he was a thrall of Geirhild, Godwin's Danish mother. "Hi, lad, have a care! Danes, free Danes, are not loved in this country."

"Ho," roared Godwin, suddenly swinging his shepherd's crook above his head as if it were a battle-ax; "I would I had been in Knut's army! I, too, would have chased the cowardly brood of Saxons!"

Halli jumped back as the make-believe battle-ax swung too near his head. "Boy, hast thou lain out in the night damps and taken a fever?" he cried.

Godwin laughed and leaned peaceably upon his staff again. "Nay, Halli," he said, "but I have news to make thy Danish blood warm. I have been longing to tell thee. Was it not thou who taught me to love King Knut? Knut the Bold, thou callest him, Knut the Lucky. Have I ever been sorry that Svein conquered our Saxon king, Ethelred?" he continued scornfully. "Do I now love Prince Edmund who reigns in Ethelred's stead?"

"Reigns?" cried old Halli, turning red. "What right has he to reign? 'Tis Knut who reigns in London with Emma, Ethelred's Saxon queen."

"Aye, Knut. And at Skorstein, yesterday, Knut overthrew Edmund on the field of battle," laughed the boy.

Halli caught him by the arm. His eyes swept the peaceful sheep downs. "Of a truth thou hast taken a fever!" he cried.

Godwin laughed again. "'Tis no fever dream, foster father," he said. "'Twas at Skorstein yesterday that Edmund and the host of Saxons met Knut and the host of Danes. And Edmund is no churl," he continued, his Saxon blood struggling with the Danish. "He met his stepfather in a fair fight, and dealt him a hero's blow.

"As the armies rushed to battle, Edmund saw Knut's banner, and spurring his own horse he rode far ahead of his army, dashed up to Knut, and swung his battle-ax; Knut had just time to thrust his shield forward in front of the neck of his horse. The blow cleft the shield in twain and clove the horse's breast. The Danes with a yell charged the Saxons. Edmund had to turn his horse and ride back toward his own army. The Saxons saw his swift riding, and took it for flight. Then did every white-livered Saxon turn and flee too, racing to the woods pell-mell, and tumbling over each other. The Danes gave chase with swords and broad-axes. Blood flowed on both sides; and the Danes, drunk with the fury of fighting, chased the Saxons far into the thick forest there. That is why I wish my blood were all Danish," finished the boy, scornfully.

"Skorstein lies far from here. Where hast thou learned so much?" said Halli, wonderingly.

"Why, last night, as I lay by the shepherd's hut, along the road comes a terrified Saxon, fleeing, and near me he stumbled and fell. I succored him, for that was my duty; but I heard his tale of flight, with shame to my Saxon skin. Knut is now monarch of three kingdoms, for England is his, henceforth."

"I remember him in Denmark," said Halli, as he laid Godwin's simple breakfast before him. "He was ten years old when he began to reign, and kingship he takes as easily as fighting; and in both, strike he ill or well, all things work for his gain."

The breakfast over, Halli returned to the distant village, and Ulf Nadr's boer. Godwin, looking abroad over his sheep, saw part of the flock straying toward the distant wood, and, crook in hand, went leaping toward them with long strides. Suddenly he stopped and stood stock still. On the edge of the wood appeared a tall, warlike figure, a Dane in full armor, staring out into the sunshine of the fields, while his battle glove shaded his eyes.

Godwin remained where he was. All his life he had lived in a remote Saxon hamlet, herding sheep, and only hearing from others of these great all-conquering chiefs. His instinct taught him aright

that in the gigantic figure, standing between two mammoth beeches, he beheld with his own eyes a chief of the Danes. It was indeed no other than Ulf Jarl. Seeing Godwin, he came swinging across the sheep walks, scattering the sheep in every direction. Godwin awaited him with the blood leaping in his veins; but outwardly he was silent and motionless. The great Dane stopped in front of him. The powerful warrior and the slender shepherd lad measured one another.

"Good day to you," said Ulf Jarl.

"Greeting," answered Godwin, quietly.

The teeth of Ulf Jarl gleamed white for a moment under his mustaches, as he heard the short word.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I am called Godwin," said the boy; "and art thou one of Knut's men?"

"I am certainly one of his warriors," returned Ulf Jarl, with another fleeting smile. "How far is it hence to our ships?"

Godwin hesitated. Should the Saxon or the Dane in him make answer. "I do not know," said he, "how you Danes can expect help from us, for you have not deserved it." His falcon glance leaped to meet that of Ulf Jarl, but yielded before the power of the great chief's steady eye.

"On the Edge of the Wood appeared a Tall, Warlike Figure."

"I will, however, ask of thee to help me to find our ships," said Ulf Jarl, quietly.

Godwin answered, "Thou hast gone straight away from them and far inland across the wild forest. The men of Knut are not much liked by the people here, and for good reason, for the slaughter at Skorstein yesterday is known in the neighborhood, and neither you nor any other of the men will be spared if they find you. And if any one helps you, the same fate awaits him; but I think thou art a good man, even though thou art a Dane."

Ulf Jarl took a gold ring from his finger and handed it to Godwin. "I will give thee this ring if thou wilt guide me to our men," he said.

Godwin looked at the ring awhile, but put forth no hand to touch it, and then replied slowly, "I will not take the ring, but I will try to guide thee to thy men, and then thou canst give me the reward thou thinkest right, when I have earned it. Should I not prove able to help thee, then I deserve no reward. Now come with me to my father's boer."

Ulf Jarl looked at him in greatest astonishment. "Lead me to thy father," he said simply.

The broad, low farmhouse of Ulf Nadr lay in an open field, its yellow roof of freshly woven reeds shining golden in the sunshine.

"Thou hast no risk to run," said Godwin, scornfully; "all but Halli, my mother's thrall, are gone to the village, to drink in Saxon tales of their own cowardice," and his voice trembled angrily.

"Thou art then no Saxon!" cried Ulf.

"I am Saxon enough," said Godwin, suddenly bethinking himself; "and yet my grandfather lived under King Svein, father of Knut, in Denmark."

"By thy mother thou art Danish!" cried Ulf, joyfully. "Now I know why I trusted thee."

They found the house as deserted as Godwin had expected. Only old Halli threshed a bundle of barley by the vat of the mead-house. When he saw Ulf and Godwin coming together, he knew Ulf. Running toward them, he prostrated himself at Ulf's feet, and lay there motionless; for he dared not speak to a chief, being a thrall.

"Rise," said Ulf Jarl in Danish. "Dost thou know me?"

Halli rose, his old seamed face raining tears of joy. "Aye," he stammered, "how often have I seen thee riding with Thorkel the High, and many's the saga I have heard sung of thee."

Then he and Godwin hurried to prepare a little secret room in the mead-house for the hiding of Ulf Jarl; and when at length the thralls and churls came back, he was well hidden.

Ulf Nadr the Saxon was a man of few words,

and Geirhild his wife was a quiet, sweet-faced woman. Both united all differences of blood by loving alike their only son, Godwin. Old Halli went to Geirhild and told her all that had happened. She it was who told Ulf Nadr of the royal guest out in the mead-house. Ulf Nadr stretched forth his hands.

"What has happened, has happened," he said; "the boy is half a Dane. Do thou secretly set a feast before the Jarl, Geirhild. Now I know of a truth which way the lad's fortune must turn. Since we are given over to the Danes, let him go to the Danes. If this deed becomes known that our roof sheltered a thane, both my own and my son's life will be forfeit."

Both Ulf Nadr and Geirhild went quietly to see Ulf Jarl, and they set a great feast before him and hid him all day. At length came the night, gray and starless and clouded. Late, when all the boer lay asleep, Halli led two horses, well provisioned, to the corner where the road across the sheep pasture turned to skirt along the woods. Hither came the bondi and his wife, with Godwin and Ulf Jarl. Halli, kneeling, offered a bridle to Ulf Jarl, and then Ulf Nadr and Geirhild tenderly embraced Godwin. Halli, too, clung to the boy's neck. Ulf Nadr said to Ulf Jarl, "Now up into saddle with thee, and farewell; I give into thy hands my only

son; I ask of thee if thou shouldst come to the king, and thy words might have some weight with him, to get him into his service, for he cannot stay with me hereafter, if our countrymen hear he has guided thee away, though I may be able to escape myself."

"Have no care," promised Ulf Jarl; "thy son shall find great favor in Knut's eyes." For well he knew how the young king would welcome and reward Godwin for leading his thane to safety. Then, with a last straining look across the dark sheep pastures, and a throbbing sense of home-sickness as he heard for the last time the bleating of his lambs, Godwin sprang to his saddle, and leading the way before Ulf Jarl, rode off into the darkness.

For a long time Ulf followed Godwin silently along the rough, uneven road, which changed its direction constantly. Now they rode through a narrow lane, now followed an almost impassable track across a moor, and then again turned to the jolting highway.

"Why," said Ulf, suddenly, "by this traveling of yours I know I should never have reached Knut's camp with a whole skin."

"Nor have reached it at all," said Godwin, quietly. "These roads are full of Saxons, whose arms would not be slow to fight one Dane."

"And should we be attacked," growled Ulf, "what then?"

Godwin jingled his Danish grandfather's sword which hung in its scabbard at his side. "They would fight two Danes," he said.

"Lad," roared Ulf Jarl, with a voice to raise the alarm through a whole village, "had I a son as brave as thy sheep pasture hath made thee, I would love him beyond speech. Henceforth I shall call thee son, for the sake of thy faithfulness to a stranger this day."

"Good," cried Godwin, "that pleases me more than thy golden ring. Let me be as thy henchman; it is enough."

At daybreak they came to Skorstein. The way to the shore led over the battle-field. With eyes of horror and a heart that sickened, Godwin looked upon the heaps of slain, Dane and Saxon, strewn along the road. Ulf Jarl rode up beside him and watched his face curiously.

"What?" he said, "wouldst thou go back to sheep-tending? Who follows me, follows the war banner from land to land."

Godwin tossed his head. "I was only thinking," he said bravely, "if ever I lie dead upon a battle-field, may it be with my face to the enemy." Ulf Jarl laughed and gave him a great slap on the back. "Lad," he said, "there's too

good brawn in thee to lie low on any battle-field yet."

They reached the rise of a hill, and suddenly Godwin drew rein and his eyes widened in wonder. On the great sea plain lay a camp of soldiers, impossible to number. In its midst stood the royal tent of Ethelred, from which Knut's Danish flag was flying. Upon the sea, sapphire blue in the early morning, rode a fleet of ships. For the first time Godwin saw and felt the power and strength of the Danes. He swung about and fell behind Ulf Jarl.

"What?" cried the warrior, "dost thou not desire to ride into camp?"

"My office of guide is over," said Godwin. "I give place to thee now," and he bent his head respectfully.

Bluff Ulf Jarl was pleased with the boy's ready wit. "Lad," he chuckled, "thou'lt be a courtier yet."

When the soldiers recognized the Dane, the excitement startled Godwin. Their way up the long lanes of tents became a triumphal entry. Shouts and cries, and tossing up of caps, bewildered the startled lad. There could not have been more joy shown at the return of the king himself. Ulf Jarl saw Godwin's wonder.

"They thought I had become meat for a Saxon broad-ax," he said gruffly.

Godwin now noticed the questioning, surly, even threatening, glances thrown at him. These grew so dark and ferocious that Ulf, too, noticed them. A slow smile curled under his mustache. "I will try his blood," he muttered. They rode directly to the king's tent, and Ulf Jarl dismounting, signed to Godwin to dismount also. Then, saying a few words to an old servant who stood near, he went in to the king, bidding Godwin hold the two beasts. Godwin stood before the horses, straight and tall. The tongue of his mother, which he knew as well as his own, everywhere saluted his ears.

Presently up lounged a powerfully built Danish lad in the garb of a soldier, and bowed to him mockingly.

"Art thou a hostage of King Edmund?" he asked.

"By whose authority dost thou ask me that question?" retorted Godwin.

The Dane looked scornfully upon his mean clothes. "I took thee by thy robe for a Saxon prince," he answered; and his companions, standing in a group aside, laughed jeeringly.

"Perhaps thou canst better judge my Saxon blood by this," cried Godwin, doubling his fist at the Danish lad threateningly.

"Thou hast a challenge, Sigurd," cried his comrades in delight.

"Why," cried Sigurd, standing off, and slowly looking Godwin over from head to heel, "the Saxon churl will run at my first thrust."

"Try him," returned Godwin, quietly, slipping both bridles over his left arm, while a new light leapt into his sunny blue eyes.

Sigurd hesitated.

"Dog of a coward," said Godwin between his teeth.

"That from a Saxon!" cried Sigurd, striking at him suddenly and violently.

"No, by my mother's blood as good a Dane as thou," roared Godwin in excellent Danish; "but by my father's honor I'll fight thee as a Saxon."

Flinging the horse bridles to the old servant of Ulf Jarl, who crept up at this moment, Godwin parried Sigurd's blow, and aimed a strong one at him. The lads were well matched, yet in strength and agility Godwin had the better of it. The struggle was sharp; but at the end of it Sigurd lay at Godwin's feet, placed there by one last powerful blow.

"Say, now," he roared, in Danish, "am I Saxon churl or not, thou miserable thrall of a Dane?"

A heavy hand upon his shoulder jerked him round and brought him to his senses. Ulf Jarl stood looking at him, his face shining all over with silent laughter.

"Godwin, my son," he said slowly, "canst thou

not be trusted with thy brothers? Upon my soul, thou art a pretty cockerel to come into the presence of the king. The king desires to see thee, lad."

Sigurd sneaked to his feet, and with a look of amaze stood back, to see his despised opponent led into the presence of King Knut.

Chuckling to himself, Ulf led Godwin to an inclosure, and pointed to a beautiful court dress lying over a chest.

"Put it on," he ordered. Without a word, Godwin did as he was desired, and the rude shepherd lad was changed to the appearance of a noble prince.

"Now," cried Ulf, "can I trust thee, thou young varlet, or wilt thou be drawing sword upon the whole court to revenge Saxon honor!"

"Sir," said Godwin, "my heart being more Dane than Saxon, my pride bade me fight more Saxon than Dane. Having proved my Saxon valor, thou hast my allegiance as a Dane."

Ulf looked at him in astonishment. "By the hammer of Thor!" he cried, "sheep pastures breed amazing courtiers."

Then they went into the presence of the king. Godwin saw a great apartment, the walls of which were hung with banners, and upon a throne over at the side, the king sat with his sad-faced, beautiful queen, Emma of Normandy. Knut was tall

and strong and very handsome, save that his nose was thin and somewhat crooked. He had a clear complexion with fair, long hair, and his eyes were keen and fine.

When Godwin knelt before him, he raised him and said, "Thou art the shepherd lad, who, when my brother-in-law, Ulf, came to thee alone and unbefriended, offered to lead him back to this camp without any reward, save such as he might give thee."

"That thing happened," replied Godwin, simply.

"Thou didst not know how dear to my heart is Ulf Jarl whose life thou saved?" continued the king.

"That did I not," said Godwin.

"So dear," said the king, "that I myself shall reward thee. Kneel." Godwin knelt, and taking his sword, Knut knighted him then and there, saying, "Rise, Jarl Godwin, thy Saxon blood is equal to thy Danish, for courage and bravery. So, too, I shall bestow upon thee an earldom, and Ulf Jarl, that thou mayst be his son indeed, marries thee to Gyda his daughter."

That night there was a great feast, and on the high seat beside Ulf Jarl sat Godwin, and with him the fair Gyda. True to his word, King Knut bestowed upon them a beautiful English earldom, to which, as soon as he became its possessor, Godwin brought his mother and father and old Halli.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY.

Ætius (ē′shē ŭs).
Arjuna (ȧr jo͞o′nạ).
Asita (äh se͞et′ȧ).
Astrid (ăs′trĭd).
Astyages (ăs tī′ȧ je͞es).
Atossa (ăt ŏs′să).
Attila (ăt′tĭl ȧ).
Azrael (ăz rā′ĕl).

Beer-laha-roi (bē ẽr′-läh häh-rō ē).
Beersheba (Bē′ẽr shē′bȧ).
Bethuel (bĕth yoū′ĕl).
Bjarni (bē är′ne͞e).
Brattahlid (brăt′tȧ le͞ed).
Buddha (bo͞od′ȧ).

Cæsars (sē′zȧrs).
Cambyses (kăm bī′sēz).
Canaan (cā′năn).
Chalons (kā′lŏn).
Channa (chăn′nȧ).
Clothilde (clō′te͞eld).
Clovis (klō′vĭs).
Constantinople (cŏn stän tĭ nō′-ple).
Cyrus (sī′rŭs).

Demos (dē′mos).
Devadetta (dāy′vȧ dĕt tȧ).
Dothan (dō′thăn).

Ecbatana (ĕk bäh täh′nȧ).
Edecon (ē′dē cŏn).
Egypt (ē′jĭpt).
Eparna (ĕp äre′nȧ).
Ephraim (ē′frāy ĭm).
Erik (ē′rĭk).
Ethelred (ĕth′ĕl rĕd).
Ethiopian (ē thĭ ō′ pĭ an).

Fredegonde (frĕd ē gụnd).
Freydis (frāy′dĭs).

Gaiseric (gȳ′sĩr ĭck).
Gaul (gạwl).
Geirhild (gā′ũr hĭld).
Geneveva (jĕn ē vē′vȧ).
Goshen (gō′shĕn).
Gudrid (go͞o′drĭd).
Gyda (ġi′dȧ).

Hafgerding (hăf′gēr dĭng).
Halli (hŏl′le͞e).
Harold (hăr′ŏld).
Hebrides (hĕb′rĭ dēs̤).
Hebron (hē′brȯn).
Herjulf (hēr′yŭlf).
Herjulfsnes (hēr′yŭlfs ne͞ez).
Hildebrand (hĭl′dē brănd).

Isaac (ī′zạck).

Ishmaelites (ĭsh'mā ĕl ītes).
Isis (ī sĭs).

Jehovah (jē hō'vȧh).
Jericho (jĕr'ē kō).
Jethro (jĕth'rō).
Jochebed (jŏck'ē bĕd).
Jordan (jôr'dăn).
Jovan (jō văn').

Kahn (kän).
Kantaka (kăn'tȧ kȧ).
Kapilavistu (kăp'ĭl ȧ vis tü).
Knut (kŭhnōōt').

Laban (lā'băn).
Leif (līfe).
Lemprius (lĕm'prēē ŭs).
Lutetia (lōō tē'shēȧ).

Mahlah (mäh'läh).
Manasseh (măn ăs'sĕh).
Marcus (mâr'eŭs).
Media (mēē'dĭ ā).
Merovis (mĕr'ō vĭs).
Mesopotamia (mĕs ō pȧt ā'mē ȧ).
Midian (mĭd'ĭ ȧn).
Miriam (mēēr' ē ăm).

Naddod (năd'dŏd).
Nahor (nā'hôr).
Nanda (năn'dȧ).
Nebo (nē'bō).

Odin (ō'dĭn).
Oph (ōfe).
Osiris (ō sī'rĭs).

Pasargadæ (pä sär'gŭh dē).
Pharaoh (fā'rō).
Potiphar (pŏt'ĭ fȧr).

Ripuarian (rĭp ū ā'rĭ ȧn).

Salic (săl'ĭc).
Satou (säh'tōō).
Shechem (shĕk'ĕm).
Siddartha (sĭd dȧr'thȧ).
Sigurd (sēē'gŭrd).
Sinai (sī nī).
Skorstein (skôr'stīne).
Soissons (swạw'säwn).
Suddhodana (sŭd hōde'ȧ nȧh).
Svein (svīne).

Tartary (tȧr'tȧr ēē).
Tewfik (teu'fick).
Thebes (thēbz).
Theodosius (thē ō dō' shē ŭs).
Thorfinn (thôr'finn).
Thorgest (thôr'jĕst).
Thorhild (thôr'hĭld).
Thorkel (thôr'kĕl).
Thorwald (thôr'wạld).
Tirzah (tēr'zȧh).
Tyrker (tĭr'kēr).

Ulf Jarl (ŭlf yȧrl).
Ulf Nadr (ŭlf nād'r).

Valhalla (văl hăl'lȧ).
Valkyr (văl'kēēr).
Viswamitra (vĭs wạ mĭ trȧ).
Vitou (vĭ'tōō).

Yasodhara (yȧ sōde'hȧ rȧ).

Zipporah (zĭp pō'rȧ).

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